Vol 6 The War Illustrated N° 140

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE

OCTOBER 30, 1942

ONCE GREAT AND LOVELY STALINGRAD is now (says Reuters Moscow Correspondent) a gigantic inferno. "Street after street burnt or blasted to smithereens; gaunt smokestacks rising out of mounds of rubble; dead bodies lying in gruesome attitudes, waiting for burial which the living have no time to perform. A pall of acrid smoke hangs over the city like a funeral shroud . . ." This photograph, radioed from Moscow, shows an unhappy Russian woman retrieving a few of her household goods from the ruins of her home.

Photo, U.S.S.R. Official

NO. 141 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13

ALONG THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Our Military Critic, Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

LAST year October saw the opening of Hitler's offensive towards Moscow, which he announced would result in the final destruction of Russia's capacity to wage war effectively.

In spite of the Germans' initial successes, which undoubtedly have reduced Russia's offensive power, October this year found them still far short of that achievement. Russia's defence is as stubborn as ever, and her capacity for offensive action remains formidable. In the Middle East there is the same record of frustration after initial success; and in the Far East it would seem that Japan has been compelled to abandon, or indefinitely postpone, her most ambitious projects. The thoughts of the Axis Powers and Japan must now be mainly directed towards maintaining possession of what they have conquered.

The Allies have had little enough to claim of positive success, but that the enemy is showing signs of fear that the initiative is passing from them, and that they must henceforward think in terms of defence, is clear. Hitler has spoken of establishing an invulnerable defensive position in Europe; Italy talks of General Alexander's coming offensive; and the Japanese have already had to give ground for defensive reasons. Though this may be the general trend of developments, the immediate course of action that may be adopted in the various theatres is still obscure.

RUSSIA In my last article (*see* page 258) I suggested that Von Bock might contemplate the abandonment of attempts to capture Stalingrad by assault, and might adopt slower and less costly methods which would enable him to release troops for other tasks. Shortly after I wrote, Hitler's declaration: "Stalingrad will be taken" (though, cautiously, he did not say when) seemed to imply a continuance of assault methods. But the military spokesman at Berlin, a few days later, using much the same arguments as I had suggested, spoke of overcoming the final resistance of the great city by the slow process of bombardment. A difference between Hitler's views and those of the German General Staff seemed clearly indicated; and Goering, in a speech that followed, took care to throw responsibility for decision on to Hitler. Since then there has been no marked slackening in the German assaults, but I suspect that the General Staff in the long run will have their way, though without openly opposing Hitler's view.

CROSSING A RIVER IN THE CAUCASUS, Soviet troops are seen mounting a gun on pontoons to transport it across the water. Thwarted at Stalingrad, the Germans intensified their drive towards the Grozny oil-fields and the Caspian to secure a decision before winter should set in. Fighting developed fiercely in the Mozdok area. *Photo, Planet News*

The most recent major attacks have all been directed on the north of the city, apparently with the primary object of securing positions on the banks of the Volga from which the ferrying of reinforcements across the river could be prevented. These attacks, while meeting Hitler's views to some extent, may also be a necessary preliminary to the adoption of a policy of investment and bombardment, which would have little chance of success so long as the defence was receiving fresh troops to replace casualties and relieve the exhausted. Pressure on other parts of the city has been maintained, but apparently by slow infiltration methods; and the attack from the south, which at one time seemed so dangerous, has apparently lost weight.

That Von Bock had contemplated a switch of his main effort to the Caucasus front is suggested by the intensification of attacks in the Mozdok region and a renewal of the attempt to reach Tuapse by the road over the mountains, as well as by the coast road from Novorossisk. The strengthening of the attacks in the Caucasus may account for the slackening of the attack on Stalingrad from the south, for the railway communications of both run through the Rostov bottle-neck and probably are inadequate to meet the requirements of intensive operations on two fronts.

Meantime, the steady though slow progress of Timoshenko's relief offensive north of Stalingrad, together with his subsidiary relief operations to the south of the city, must tend to aggravate German difficulties of supply and of finding fresh troops for offensive operations. I should not be surprised if the Germans found it necessary to stage a large-scale attempt to inflict a heavy defeat on Timoshenko's relief army, instead of the counter-attacks so far carried out mainly with the object of checking its progress. If such an attempt is made, it would almost certainly mean a relaxation of the attack on Stalingrad and might very probably affect operations on the Caucasus front as well.

Russian defence in the Mozdok region and in the Western Caucasus has stood up admirably to the recent intensification of German attacks. German complaints of the difficulties they are encountering from snow and rain is an admission of disappointment.

THE operations in the Mozdok region are not easy to follow, but apparently the Germans are engaged in a two-prong attack. One prong is directed up the Terek valley towards Ordzhonikidze, where the military road across the mountains to Tiflis starts. The other is attempting to advance by the Baku railway towards the Grozny oil-fields. The object may be to develop a pincer movement on Grozny, but the capture of Ordzhonikidze would also provide flank protection for the communications of a major advance on Baku, preventing Russian forces which might threaten them from using the military highway as a line of supply.

On other parts of the Russian front there has been little change in the situation, but at Leningrad it is evident that the Germans had to undertake considerable counter-offensive operations to relieve pressure on their positions encircling the city; and it is claimed that they were compelled to draw reinforcements from the southern front for the purpose.

The approach of winter almost certainly negatives any major German operation in the north and centre, but it is still an open question whether offensive operations will be continued in the south throughout the winter. If Hitler seriously contemplates the

ENEMY THRUSTS IN S.E. RUSSIA were slowed down as the result of Stalingrad's tremendous defence. German movements in the elbow of the Don were hampered by Timoshenko's counter-blows. Shaded portion on the above map shows the German-occupied areas in mid-October. *Courtesy of the News Chronicle*

U.S. FORCES IN THE ALEUTIANS are in occupation of islands in the Andreanov group. On Oct. 4, 1942, it was stated that an airfield had been established from which to attack the Japanese in the western tip of the island chain; enemy-held Kiska, 125 miles from the most westerly island occupied by the Americans, was vigorously attacked. This photograph shows U.S. troops unloading equipment on a lonely beach. The convoy, which included several transports, was the largest that had yet sailed in the North Pacific. *Photo, Keystone*

establishment of a self-sufficient European defensive block, as he suggests, then access to Transcaucasian oil would be of increased importance, for it would be required for the development of the economic resources of the occupied territory in Russia.

EGYPT ..... The first two weeks of October saw no break in the lull on the El Alamein front. The Italian press, however, evidently expected General Alexander to take the offensive, and reported extensive preparations behind the Allied lines. Intensification of air attacks on Axis supply lines, forward positions, and aerodromes also indicated that a major move by one side or the other was imminent.

Rommel's visit to Germany may have been for reasons of health, but it is probable that he used the opportunity to make a personal appeal to Hitler for further reinforcements. The intensification of the air attacks on Malta that began on Sunday, Oct. 11, suggests that he is being given them. But Malta's magnificent defence makes the cost heavy; in five days 94 Axis aircraft were shot down, and scores more damaged. That Rommel will be back at the front before the next storm breaks we may regard as certain, whatever the state of his health may be.

FAR EAST ..... It is evident that the recapture of the Tulagi area in the Solomons is still the main immediate Japanese object. They have been able to continue to land reinforcements on Guadalcanal, but at a cost in shipping and aircraft which imposes caution. Troops and transports are apparently assembled at bases in other islands, near enough to take advantage of favourable opportunities, but also evidently near enough also to be subjected to Allied bombing attacks. So far the American Marines—magnificent troops—appear to have had no great difficulty in repelling Japanese attacks; and in the air Allied aircraft have had much the better of exchanges. Barring some unforeseen naval misfortune, there seems no reason for anxiety.

In New Guinea I had felt little concern about the situation near Port Moresby, but I admit I was surprised at the Japanese retreat without fighting. If, however, they relied on natives for porterage of supplies, as seems to have been the case, it is not surprising that air attacks on their communications proved decisively effective. The failure of the enemy air force to make any attempt to interfere with the attacks is interesting, and seems to indicate that Japan's output of aircraft has limitations which compel strict economy. But whether all available aircraft are being concentrated for operations in the Solomons, or are being held in reserve in case the Australian advance should offer opportunities for counter-attack, remains to be seen. The Australian troops have re-established contact with the enemy, but it is improbable, with such a difficult line of supply, that they will make any attack in force across the mountains. There is a distinct possibility that the Japanese will withdraw the bulk of their troops from New Guinea, where they can effect so little, retaining only sufficient numbers to protect aerodromes from which Darwin and Port Moresby can be attacked.

The withdrawal of the Japanese from the islands they had occupied in the Aleutians, with the exception of Kiska, is presumably with a view to economizing strength and to minimize exposure of shipping and isolated detachments. The establishment of an American air base within short range of Kiska will, in any case, make communication with that island precarious, and will probably mean an increased wastage of Japanese shipping. Dutch Harbour provides the new base with a second line, both for offensive and defensive purposes, which should give it a distinct advantage in case of bombing exchanges with the Japanese at Kiska.

Trooper K. ANDREWS, R.A.C., a dispatch rider, has been awarded the M.M. for outstanding bravery in rescuing wounded men under heavy fire from the enemy.

Trooper A. J. MANSELL, R.A.C., awarded the M.M. for taking charge of a tank during an enemy attack. He drove the tank, whose crew were wounded, to a protected position.

Wing-Cdr. G. R. HOWIE, awarded the D.S.O. for gallantry displayed in the execution of air operations. He has served in the Italian, Syrian, Iraq, Greek and Libyan campaigns.

Lt. A. T. ALMOND, R.A.C., whose courage in saving the driver of his tank and carrying on for 10 hours despite being wounded has won for him a well-deserved M.C.

HONOURED FOR BRAVERY IN BATTLES ON MANY A FRONT

They Covered Themselves with Glory at Dieppe

After the great raid on Dieppe of August 19, 1942, it must have proved a difficult and somewhat invidious task to decide which of the thousands engaged were most worthy of having their bravery recognized. In the event, scores of decorations were awarded, and in this and the facing page we give photographs of some of the recipients, with extracts from the official citations.

VICTORIA CROSS

Lt.-Col. Charles Cecil Ingersoll Merritt (above), the South Saskatchewan Regiment, showed matchless gallantry and inspiring leadership while commanding his battalion during the raid.

From the point of landing, his unit's advance had to be made across a bridge in Pourville which was swept by very heavy machine-gun, mortar, and artillery fire; the first parties were mostly destroyed and the bridge was thickly covered by their bodies. A daring lead was required; waving his helmet, Lt.-Col. Merritt rushed forward, shouting: "Come on over. There's nothing to worry about here."

He thus personally led the survivors of at least four parties in turn across the bridge. Quickly organizing these, he led them forward, and when held up by enemy pillboxes, he again headed rushes which succeeded in clearing them. In one case he himself destroyed the occupants of the post by throwing grenades into it. After several of his runners became casualties he himself kept contact with his different positions.

Although twice wounded Lt.-Col. Merritt continued to direct the unit's operations with great vigour and determination, and while organizing the withdrawal he stalked a sniper with a Bren gun and silenced him. He then coolly gave orders for the departure, and announced his intention to hold off and "get even with the enemy." When last seen he was collecting Bren and tommy guns and preparing a defensive position which successfully covered the withdrawal from the beach. He is now reported to be a prisoner of war.

To this commanding officer's personal daring the success of his unit's operations and the safe re-embarkation of a large portion of it were chiefly due.

Capt. (temp. Major) Patrick Anthony Porteous, R.A. (right), was detailed to act as Liaison Officer between the two detachments assaulting the heavy coast defence guns.

In the initial assault, working with the smaller of the two detachments, he was shot at close range through the hand, the bullet passing through his palm and entering his upper arm. Undaunted, Capt. Porteous closed with his assailant, succeeded in disarming him and killed him with his own bayonet, thereby saving the life of a British sergeant on whom the German had turned his aim. In the meantime, the larger detachment was held up, and the officer leading this detachment was killed and the Troop Sergeant-Major fell seriously wounded.

Capt. Porteous, without hesitation and in the face of a withering fire, dashed across the open ground to take over the command of this detachment. Rallying them he led them in a charge which carried the German position at the point of the bayonet. Though shot through the thigh he continued to the final objective, where he eventually collapsed from loss of blood after the last of the guns had been destroyed. His most gallant conduct, his brilliant leadership and tenacious devotion to a duty which was supplementary to the role originally assigned to him, were an inspiration to the whole detachment.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER

Brig. Sherwood Lett, M.C., E.D., as officer commanding a Canadian Infantry Brigade, by splendid leadership and the highest kind of personal courage provided not only fine direction to, but a most stirring example for, the troops under his command.

He personally spent long periods at the wireless sets sending and transmitting orders and reports, under heavy M.G., mortar and shell fire. During one of the most intense periods of enemy barrage, while working at an exposed wireless set, he was seriously wounded. In spite of this he continued to direct his brigade for the rest of the action, his thought being entirely for the units and individuals of his command.

His soldierly handling of a difficult situation and cheerful, confident and effective leadership under stress were decidedly noteworthy and impressed all ranks.

Brig. Clarence Churchill Mann was the Military Commander aboard the second H.Q. ship. Although this ship was repeatedly attacked and hit, Brigadier Mann continued to carry out his duties with a coolness and efficiency which were an inspiration to all about him, and which exercised a most valuable influence upon the course of the action.

Brigadier Mann's work in preparing the detailed military plans for the Dieppe enterprise was most exceptional. At no time, either before or during the operation, did he spare himself. To his great ability, indefatigable energy and steady courage is due a great part of the credit for the success obtained on this occasion.

Lt.-Col. Dollard Menard, Fus. M.R., while in command of his battalion displayed the highest qualities of courage and leadership. Landing with the first attacking parties, he was wounded almost from the beginning, but he continued to direct the operations of his unit by wireless under constant machine-gun, mortar and artillery fire.

Later, in order to gain a better point of vantage, he crept forward to higher ground, but was again wounded. When finally taken on board an L.C.T., although wounded for the fifth time, he still insisted on organizing A.A. defence and looking after his men. He set an example in the best tradition of the service and was an inspiration to all ranks in his battalion.

Wing Cdr. W. E. Surplice, D.F.C., was the pilot of the leading aircraft of a formation of bombers detailed to release smoke bombs to screen the landing of troops on the beaches near Dieppe. On the accuracy of this depended not only the success of the subsequent smoke-laying operations by following aircraft but, in a great measure, the safety of the entire combined operation. Wing Cdr. Surplice, skilfully guided by F/O Rutherford, flew in to the target at a low level and, defying an intense barrage from the ground defences, dropped his smoke bombs with precise accuracy.

Maj. (now Lt.-Col.) Douglas Gordon Cunningham, Camerons of Canada, A/B.M. of a Canadian Infantry Bde., set an outstanding example. He manned the rear link set to Force H.Q. Ship from the beginning of the operation at 04.30 hours until the evacuation was

Heroes of the Great Raid on Hitler's Bastion

completed at 12.00 hours, allowing neither his own danger nor heavy damage suffered by the L.C.T. on which he was serving to interfere with his devotion to the interests of his battalions. His calmness and utter disregard for his personal safety were a constant inspiration to his men.

Major Cunningham had played an essential part in the preparations for the raid, and this, combined with his courage and determination, constituted a very important contribution to its success.

Maj. (now Lt.-Col.) Arthur Hayward Fraser, P.P.C.L.I., Brigade Major of a Canadian Infantry Brigade, displayed the greatest coolness and steadiness under heavy fire.

When the destruction of his No. 19 wireless set left him without contact with Force H.Q., he transferred himself, his staff, and his No. 18 set to the L.C.T. carrying H.Q. of a Canadian Infantry Brigade, and thus re-established touch between Force H.Q. and the units of his own brigade. On this L.C.T., although under intense fire from the shore and bombardment from the air, he maintained contact with his battalions, and was mainly responsible for the successful re-embarkation from Green Beach.

His cool courage had a great steadying effect upon those serving under him and his initiative and determination contributed in very large degree to the success of the operations.

Maj. Andrew Thompson Law, Camerons of Canada, was second in command of the regiment during the operation. The commanding officer having been killed immediately on landing, Major Law took over the unit, and despite very heavy enemy fire reorganized it and proceeded to direct its attack. He successfully and efficiently fought his unit approximately two miles inland, inflicting heavy casualties on the enemy.

On the order for withdrawal being given, Major Law fought a rearguard action to the beach, and so effectively controlled the battalion that approximately 80 per cent of the personnel were intact at this time. The cool and steady manner in which Major Law directed the action throughout, while continually under fire, was an inspiration to the whole battalion, and to him goes the major portion of the credit for the fact that a comparatively large proportion of its personnel was withdrawn.

Maj. James Earl McRae, South Saskatchewan Regiment, was second in command of the regiment during the operations. His ability and initiative in moving Battalion H.Q. out of enemy mortar and artillery fire, but in maintaining communications and in passing information to the companies and to Brigade H.Q., contributed immensely not only to the tactical success of the operation but also to the reduction of casualties.

During the withdrawal to the beach, Major McRae continued to exercise his inflexible control, although under intense and continuous enemy fire. He encouraged the wounded to carry on and directed the flow of men under cover of the wall. On reaching the L.C.A., although in deep water and exhausted he assisted the wounded aboard before permitting help to himself.

Temp. Maj. Peter Young, M.C., second in command of No. 3 Commando. The L.C.T. in which Major Young's party was accommodated was the only one to land on the beach assigned to the assault party. The detachment, however, consisted only of Commando and Troop Headquarters personnel (20 all ranks), the majority of whom were runners, signalmen, or mortar detachment numbers.

With this small and inadequately armed force Major Young set off unhesitatingly to undertake the task originally assigned to the whole fully armed Commando. They scaled a precipitous cliff, penetrated elaborately wired and mined defences, advanced intrepidly on the German gun positions, defended by upwards of 200 of the enemy, and so harassed the enemy as to render the gunfire ineffective.

After 3½ hours of continuous fighting Major Young fought a successful rearguard action back to the beach. Major Young, another officer and an exhausted private were the last to embark, being towed by life lines from the L.C.T.

Capt. William Denis Whitaker, R.H.L.I. Captain Whitaker landed with the first wave, directed the cutting of both rows of wire on the beach and organized the necessary covering fire for B Company's advance on the Casino. He himself then proceeded to the Casino with his party, where, after clearing the building and organizing a defence against counter-attack, he led a large party of all elements of the battalion towards the town. Later he directed the withdrawal of a great portion of the battalion from the town and Casino to the beach and supervised their re-embarkation.

Captain Whitaker was at all times cool and collected, and displayed great courage and initiative in the command of his troops. Captain Whitaker was an inspiration to all.

BAR to D.F.C.

Group Capt. H. Broadhurst, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., in the combined operations against Dieppe flew with great distinction. Although he was several times engaged by hostile aircraft, one of which he destroyed, he displayed great skill and furnished much valuable information regarding the trend of the air operations. In the course of his duties he flew alone for some eight hours in an area where hostile patrols were in great strength.

NORWEGIAN CROSS

A./Wing Cdr. F. D. S. Scott-Malden, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R. During the past six months this officer has led the wing on a large number of sorties. In this period it has destroyed 49 enemy aircraft and probably destroyed or damaged many others. During the operations at Dieppe the wing destroyed 21 enemy aircraft and many others were damaged. Wing-Cdr. Scott-Malden led the wing on three of these sorties. For his leadership of the Norwegian wing he was awarded the Norwegian Cross by King Haakon, and his D.S.O. was announced on September 11.

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL

L/Sgt. George Alfred Hickson, R.C.E., was in charge of a group charged with destroying the main telephone exchange in the Post Office. Finding the fire on the beach too heavy to move directly to his target, he assisted an infantry platoon in mopping up enemy M.G. positions, and destroyed a 3-inch gun by detonating a 3-lb. charge on the breech.

When the Platoon Commander and most of the senior N.C.O.s were put out of action, Hickson assumed command and led the platoon to the Casino, where strong enemy opposition was nullified. Using explosives, he blew his way through the walls to reach a large concrete gun emplacement, then with another charge blew in the steel door, killing a gun crew of five. He then destroyed the 6-inch naval gun and two M.G.s after infantry had cleared the post.

L/Sgt. Hickson then reorganized his platoon, and despite heavy enemy opposition led them into the town as far as the St. Remy Church. Unable to find Brigade H.Q. and being without support, he withdrew his party to the Casino. L/Sgt. Hickson throughout the day showed determined leadership and high qualities of initiative, and was among the last group to evacuate.

Pte. James Maier, Essex Scottish, in a day filled with incidents of heroism set a fine example of courage and initiative and soldierly leadership. Under heavy fire he engaged enemy positions with an L.M.G. Although wounded he persisted in his attack. Wounded a second time more seriously, he nevertheless used an A.Tk. rifle with telling effect against two posts which had defied small arms fire. Both of these he silenced. He continued to snipe successfully with this weapon until the time of withdrawal, when he collapsed from wounds and loss of blood. Believed to be dead, he was thrown overboard, but recovered and was picked up from the water by another craft. His actions throughout showed the highest devotion to duty and were an inspiration to his comrades.

MILITARY MEDAL

Cpl. Franklin M. Koons, U.S. Army Ranger Battalion, showed conspicuous gallantry and admirable leadership, continuing to carry out his duties with very marked success under heavy fire, which eventually caused the almost total destruction of the building from which he and his men were sniping.

Photos, British Official; New York Times Photos, Keystone, Fox

Through New Guinea Runs Australia's Front Line

In their aggression against Australia the Japanese landed in New Guinea last March, but so far their progress has been slow and intermittent. This chapter tells of the scene of the fighting in what has been described as the most secret front line in the world-wide war.

HALF a century or so ago New Guinea possessed a very unsavoury reputation as a home and haunt of tribes of savages, cannibals many of them, living on the lowest rungs of the human ladder. There are still headhunters and cannibals in the remoter and more inaccessible parts of the great island, but in many districts, if not in most, the nearly naked warriors who fought each other with bows and arrows, with axes of polished stone and with daggers made from crocodile bone, have given place to peaceful horticulturists growing coconuts and bananas, yams and sago, fishermen skilled in the use of net and spear, and employees of the trading firms, plantations, and goldfields of the white man.

But of late war has come back to New Guinea. There is slaughter once again in the mountain passes, in the steaming swamps and tangled vegetation of the forests. But this time the war is not between tribe and tribe, but between white men and yellow, men possessed of guns and bombing planes; and the slaughter and devastation puts into the shade anything that was once laid to the charge of the miserable savage.

NEW GUINEA, the world's third largest island, lies just south of the Equator. Its tropical climate is modified somewhat by the mountains in its interior, however. Land of exuberant Nature and savage men, it is now a battlefield in the war of White v. Yellow.

FOLLOWING the Japanese landing at Rabaul, the former capital of New Guinea, but situated in New Britain in the Bismarck Archipelago off the north-eastern coast, the Japanese crossed the dividing waters and effected landings on New Guinea itself at Lae and Salamaua on or about March 8. Some four months later they carried out a fresh series of landings in the Buna and Gona area, on the northern coast across the mountains from Port Moresby, and promptly began to fight or filter their way inland. On August 15 they seized Kokoda airfield, and on Sept. 8 were within a few miles of the vital gap in the Owen Stanley Range. But three weeks later they were reported to be in full retreat, having altogether failed to overcome the Australian-American resistance. A landing at Milne Bay was also repulsed at the end of August.

Thus it came about that a new war zone was opened up; from being one of the world's backwaters New Guinea became front-page news. For the first time the many millions of the general public came to know more about the island than that it was peopled by a lot of fuzzy-wuzzies.

Rather to their surprise they learnt that New Guinea is one of the world's biggest islands, second only in size to Australia and Greenland. Of its 300,000 square miles almost exactly half is taken up by Netherlands or Dutch New Guinea—a vast area almost entirely undeveloped, very largely unexplored, and whose coasts are not yet fully charted. In the dense forest of the interior continue to exist (so it is reported) tribes of headhunters and cannibals, few of whom have ever seen a white man and fewer still have had any experience of the advantages, and disadvantages, of the white man's civilization. The Dutch settlements are dotted here and there along the coasts, and the white officials and traders are a mere handful compared with the 200,000 or so of natives. At Fak Fak the Dutch Assistant Resident has his headquarters; politically, Dutch New Guinea is part of the Moluccas, a group of islands lying between New Guinea and Celebes in the Netherlands East Indies.

So far as the other half is concerned, New Guinea is included in the British Commonwealth. There are two main divisions: Papua, the south-eastern part, and the Mandated Territory of New Guinea to the north.

This Mandated Territory was declared a German protectorate in 1884, but in 1920, after the Great War, it was mandated to the Australian Commonwealth by the League of Nations. It has an area of 69,000 square miles with a population of at least half a million natives, 4,000 whites, chiefly British, and 2,000 Chinese. Rabaul, in New Britain, was the capital until August 1941, when, following a volcanic eruption, the administration was transferred to Lae, on the mainland, the principal base for aeroplanes carrying machinery and native labour, etc., to the goldfields of Wau and Bulolo in the interior.

PAPUA has an area of about 90,000 square miles, and in 1940 it was estimated to have a population of 337,000 Papuans and 1,822 Europeans. Following the annexation of western New Guinea by the Dutch in 1848, the Australians feared that the whole of the island might ere long come under Netherlands rule, so in 1884 a British protectorate was proclaimed over this south-eastern portion, and in 1888 it was annexed to the Crown. Then in 1906 it was transferred to Australia as the Territory of Papua, and since then has been an integral part of the Commonwealth. Under Australian rule there has been considerable economic development. Coconuts and rubber are produced on the plantations; goldfields are worked, and a railway has been constructed from Port Moresby to some promising copper deposits. By steamer and aeroplane the Territory has regular communication with Australia. Something has been done to raise the natives above that primitive existence to which long ages have accustomed them; the proceeds of a hut tax are largely devoted to native education, in the development of which the missionary societies have played an honourable part.

CAPITAL of Papua is Port Moresby, which, with its coral reefs, its foreshore fringed with coconut palms and tropical flowering shrubs, its background of high, jungle-covered mountains, is generally described as one of the beauty spots of the Pacific.

Before the war Port Moresby's white population was only a few hundreds, but today it is the centre of a large military camp. The offices and bungalows of the officials have been taken over by the military authorities, who have also assumed the work of the native administration. "During my recent stay," wrote a Special Correspondent of The Times on Sept. 14, "I did not see one civilian or one woman. The white women were all evacuated to Australia long ago, and the native women have betaken themselves to villages in the interior. A certain number of their fuzzy-haired menfolk are working as stevedores at the docks and as porters on the overland route, but the little native village close to the port, a cluster of thatched wooden huts resting on piles driven into the sea, is completely deserted." Along the road to the interior are camps and military establishments simply described as Eighth Mile, Seventeenth Mile, and so on, according to the number of miles they are from the port.

American Negro engineering and constructional units have been employed; but, to quote from The Times correspondent again, "Papuan men, their heads often crowned with huge golliwog mops of black hair, are doing good work as porters and as stretcher-bearers bringing back seriously wounded men from the front line. There have been several cases where pilots who have crashed or baled out over the jungle have met with great assistance from the natives, who fed them and guided them back to Port Moresby."

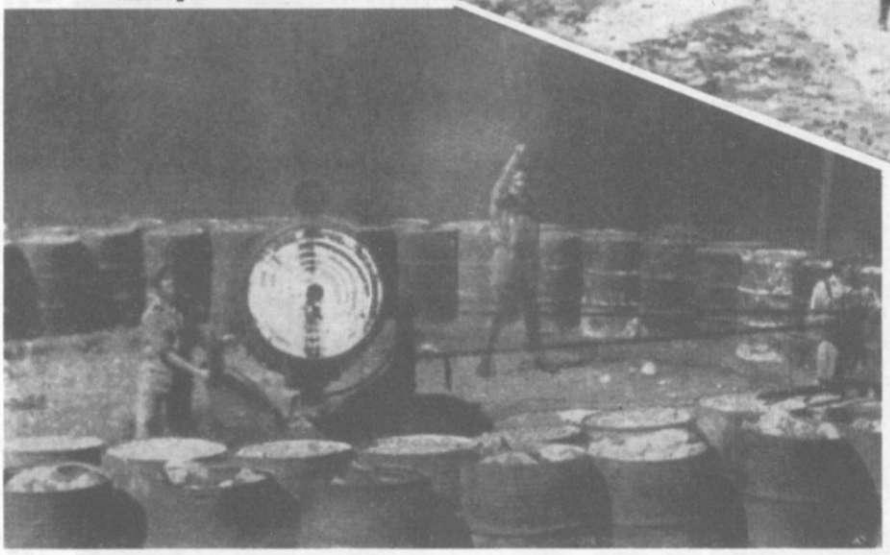
BROADLY speaking, however, the native population of New Guinea is not sufficiently numerous nor sufficiently developed to play any considerable part in the struggle now being waged across the island's mountain backbone. And who can blame them? Among the most juvenile of Nature's children, they have found it difficult enough to put away their spears and knives, to cease decorating their housetops with the dried heads of their enemies. Now they are amazed to witness this new kind of war, one far more ferocious and deadly than that which they or their fathers have ever known. Bewildered and terrified, they have taken to their heels into the bush—into that bush where things change little for many, many moons, where the ghosts of their ancestors hold potent sway, and the sorcerer with his potions and spells is a power behind the throne.

So it is that the Australians and Japs now waging desperate war in the dense forests and rugged valleys of the monster island have the battlefield to themselves. No native war-drums throb through the forest. Crouching in his hut of straw and palm leaves, the trembling savage listens from afar to the white man's fury.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

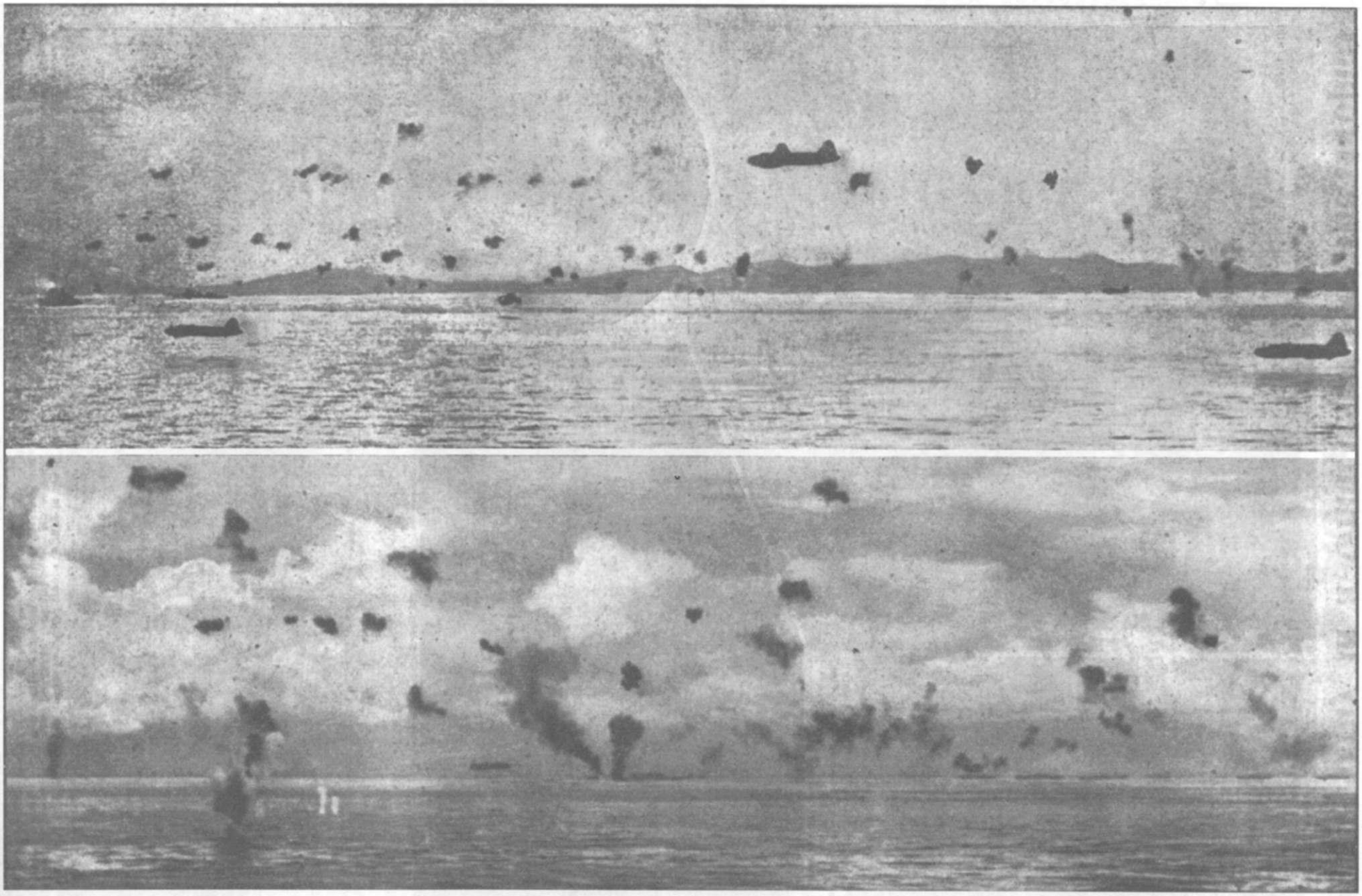
Martial Array in a Giant Island of the Tropics

Australian soldiers walk down the main street of a typical village in New Guinea. On either side are native huts of poles, coconut matting and thatch.



ON THE NEW GUINEA FRONT. Supplies for Allied troops fighting in the Owen Stanley Range are carried on the shoulders of native porters (top right). These men carry about 40 pounds of food and equipment apiece. Australian ground defence unit (centre left) operates a searchlight during a Japanese night raid. Circle, dumping supplies to Allied forces in the Kokoda area from a transport plane. Below, the airfield at Port Moresby, chief Allied air base in New Guinea, after a Japanese raid. Australian and U.S. troops clear up such damage as has been done while an American aircraft circles low.

Photos, Paul Popper, Planet News, New York Times Photos



JAPANESE BOMBERS IN THE SOLOMONS delivering a fierce attack on American warships and transports. At the beginning of August 1942 American Marines landed on three islands in the Tulagi area, and in spite of strong enemy opposition, both on sea and in the air, managed to consolidate their positions. The top photograph shows four Japanese bombers, three of them flying so low as almost to skim the water; they are sweeping in for a low-level attack on the U.S. ships, some of which are seen on the extreme left. In the lower photograph, taken during the same action, one of the Jap bombers, visible just above the water line, dives to attack through the terrific barrage put up by a formidable concentration of American guns.

Photos, Central News

THE WAR AT SEA

by **Francis E. McMurtrie**

RECENT enemy utterances provide evidence that things are not going so well with our foes as they had hoped and expected earlier in the year.

Apart from the much-publicized speeches of Hitler and Goering, the tone of which was unusually subdued, the President of Tokyo University, Mr. Kunijiko Okura, delivered a remarkable broadcast to the Japanese people during the last week in September. In this he admitted that:

> Contrary to expectations, our enemies seem to be hitting back at us and regaining their footing. They are now fighting with all their hearts, and if we do not face the situation with renewed determination we shall be confronted with a terrible end. Is there not some evidence that people are looking at this war with the easy feeling that victory is a certainty, just because we hear of successes day after day? But China is not the old China, and the Chinese Army is no longer a despicable opponent. In addition, America is now standing up and mobilizing her vast resources in materials. We must not continue at ease as we have been in the past.

FOR such firm believers in "saving face" as the Japanese, the above remarks are a notable confession of alarm. Obviously they are designed to stimulate the Japanese public into renewed efforts, and may be regarded as the prelude to fresh attacks on Allied positions. These so far have taken the form of fresh landings on the island of Guadalcanal, from which it is imperative that the enemy should expel American Marine forces if the Japanese are to retain their grip on the Solomon Islands and adjacent groups.

Vice-Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, who commands the United States naval forces in this area, is fully alive to the situation, and may be depended on to use every exertion to counter the enemy moves. It is true that during the first week in October Japanese troops in Guadalcanal were reinforced under cover of darkness, but the warships which covered the landings did not escape unscathed. One destroyer was sunk on the night of Oct. 5, and three nights later a 7,000-ton cruiser of the Kako type was torpedoed and set on fire by bombs. She was still burning when sighted by air reconnaissance planes the following afternoon.

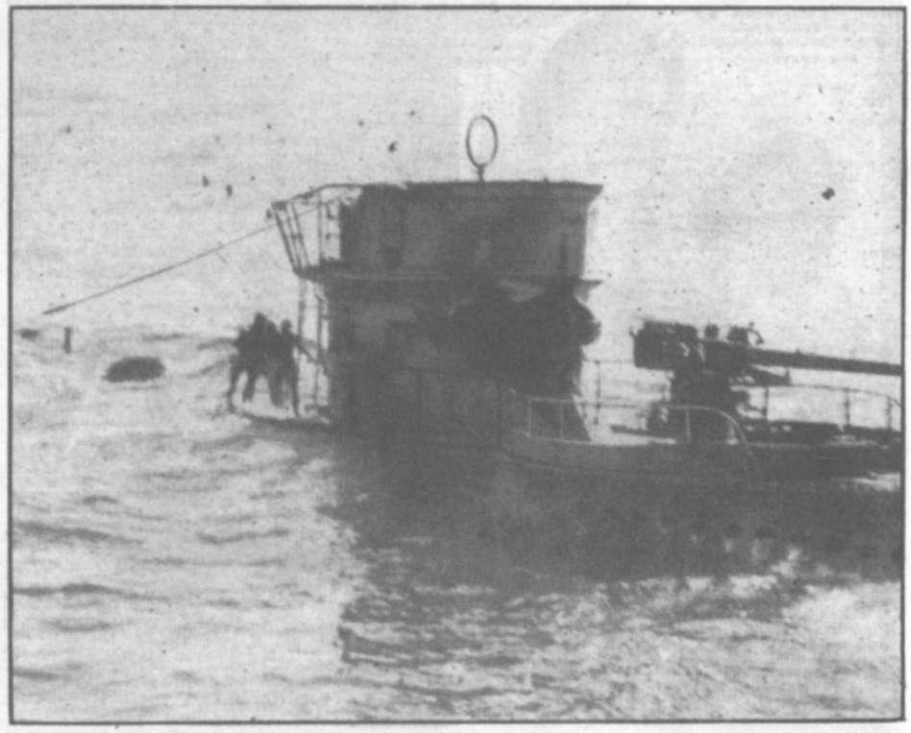
Without constant reinforcement and renewal of their supplies of ammunition, food, etc., the Japanese in Guadalcanal can hardly hope to maintain their foothold, let alone drive out the well-entrenched U.S. Marines, who hold the aerodrome which gives the island strategical importance. Fortunately, the Allies have now established air superiority in this region, and should be able to detect and break up further attempts to disembark fresh troops. At the best, therefore, the Japanese can hardly hope to do more than delay the progress of Allied arms in the Solomons.

Japanese Threat to India

IT is not to be expected, however, that Japan will remain quiescent elsewhere. In my opinion, her next target will be India, which, owing to the general unrest caused by the Congress party, offers a tempting bait. To deliver a serious attack on India, enemy possession of Malaya and Burma is not enough. Control of the Bay of Bengal must also be obtained.

Last April a Japanese fleet appeared in this area. From its aircraft-carriers raids were made on the British naval bases at Colombo and Trincomali, in Ceylon, and three British warships were sunk. These were H.M.S. Hermes, an aircraft-carrier of 10,850 tons launched in 1919, and two 10,000-ton cruisers, the Dorsetshire and Cornwall. Having accomplished this destruction, the enemy force seems to have retreated to its base at Singapore.

It may be assumed that the British Eastern Fleet, now operating in the Indian Ocean under the command of Admiral Sir James Somerville, is fully prepared to meet a second incursion into the Bay of Bengal by Japanese naval forces. When it comes—as it must, if the Japanese are to continue the struggle with any hope of success—it is to be hoped that the defeat inflicted on the enemy will be a salutary one. It is fortunate that, out of the nine aircraft-carriers with which she entered the war, Japan has lost five. Of the four survivors, only two are big modern carriers, the loss of which she cannot afford to risk except in the direst emergency.



ITALIAN SUBMARINE COBALTO, attacking one of our Mediterranean convoys last August, was rammed by the British destroyer Ithuriel. This photo, taken shortly before she sank, shows the huge hole in her conning-tower; some of her crew are seen in the background struggling in the water, while others still on board scramble towards the bows, whence they were rescued.
Photo, Associated Press

Official photographs released on Oct. 8 illustrated the destruction of the Italian submarine Cobalto by two British destroyers, H.M.S. Ithuriel and Pathfinder. This occurred during the Malta convoy action on August 12. None of the three vessels mentioned was afloat when war began. It is probable that the Cobalto is one of half-a-dozen submarines ordered in 1939 of a type resembling the Perla class, each armed with six torpedo tubes and a 3·9-in. gun.

Recently Italy has been shedding her submarines rather rapidly. Not only have a certain number been lost in the Mediterranean, but the Germans have been insisting on more being sent to the Atlantic to support U-boat attacks on Allied convoys. That they have accomplished much in this direction is to be doubted, in spite of the extraordinary claim that the Barbarigo, of 941 tons, had sunk the United States battleship Idaho off the West African coast. An equally fantastic claim to have torpedoed an American battleship was made several months ago by the same submarine, then stated to be operating off the coast of Brazil.

Official announcements made in Rome on August 26, Sept. 2, 17 and 28 admitted that certain Italian submarines were missing and must be presumed to have been lost. One of these may have been the Pietro Calvi, rammed and sunk by H.M.S. Lulworth.

How Many U-Boats at Sea?

OF course, it is the German submarine flotillas that provide the backbone of the underwater campaign against Allied shipping. Red Fleet, the official organ of the Soviet Navy, recently devoted some space to an analysis of the German strength in submarines. This is estimated at over 300 units, which agrees fairly well with a recent Swedish assessment. At the start of the war there were 71 in service, and it is believed that over 400 have been built since. Losses must therefore have approximated to 200 U-boats, or as many as were destroyed and surrendered during the whole of the last war.

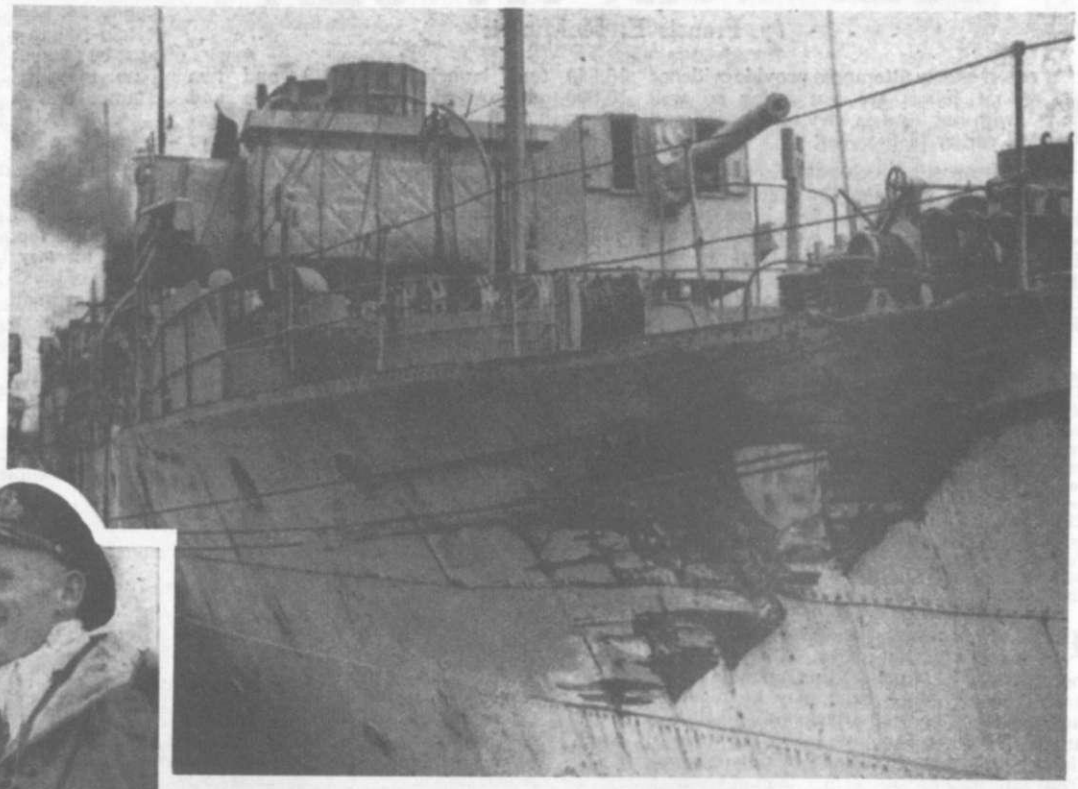
Taking the last war's record as a guide, I am of the opinion that about 80 is the average number of German submarines at sea, operating against commerce, at the present time. Recently, according to Berlin, the bulk of this force has been diverted from the Western Atlantic—no longer a profitable hunting-ground—to the route by which our armies in Egypt and the East are supplied—down the West African coast and around the Cape.

IT would seem that Japanese submarines cruising in the Mozambique Channel—especially now that the ports of Madagascar are no longer open to them—have accomplished less than was hoped. On Sept. 24 it was announced simultaneously in Berlin and Tokyo that "Japanese naval units" had joined forces with other Axis forces in the Atlantic. It is clear that this amounts to little more than a gesture for propaganda purposes. One or two Japanese submarines are doubtless in the Atlantic, based on French or German ports, but the practical effect of this on the general situation is of little importance.

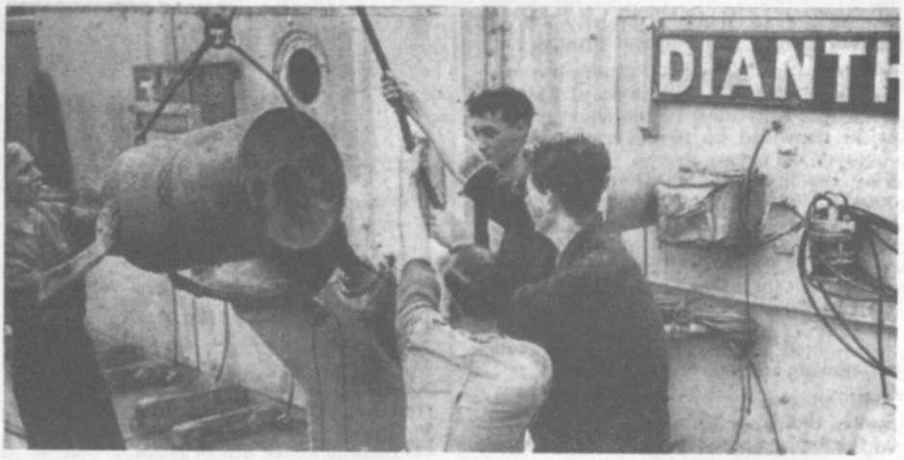
Dianthus Sent a U-Boat to the Bottom

Watching out for lurking U-boats during the passage of an Atlantic convoy, H.M. corvette Dianthus sighted an enemy submarine and immediately gave chase. After a three-hour pursuit the U-boat was blown to the surface with depth-charges and rammed four times by the corvette. The action was a grim one, for every rifle and revolver that the corvette's crew could muster was used with deadly effect against the enemy. Just before she sank the U-boat's bow reared up and crashed upon the deck of the Dianthus.

A number of German prisoners were picked up and taken aboard the British ship, and then the corvette rejoined her convoy to rescue survivors from torpedoed merchantmen. Right, superficial damage caused by the U-boat's final lunge against bows of Dianthus. Centre right, reloading a depth charge thrower aboard the corvette.



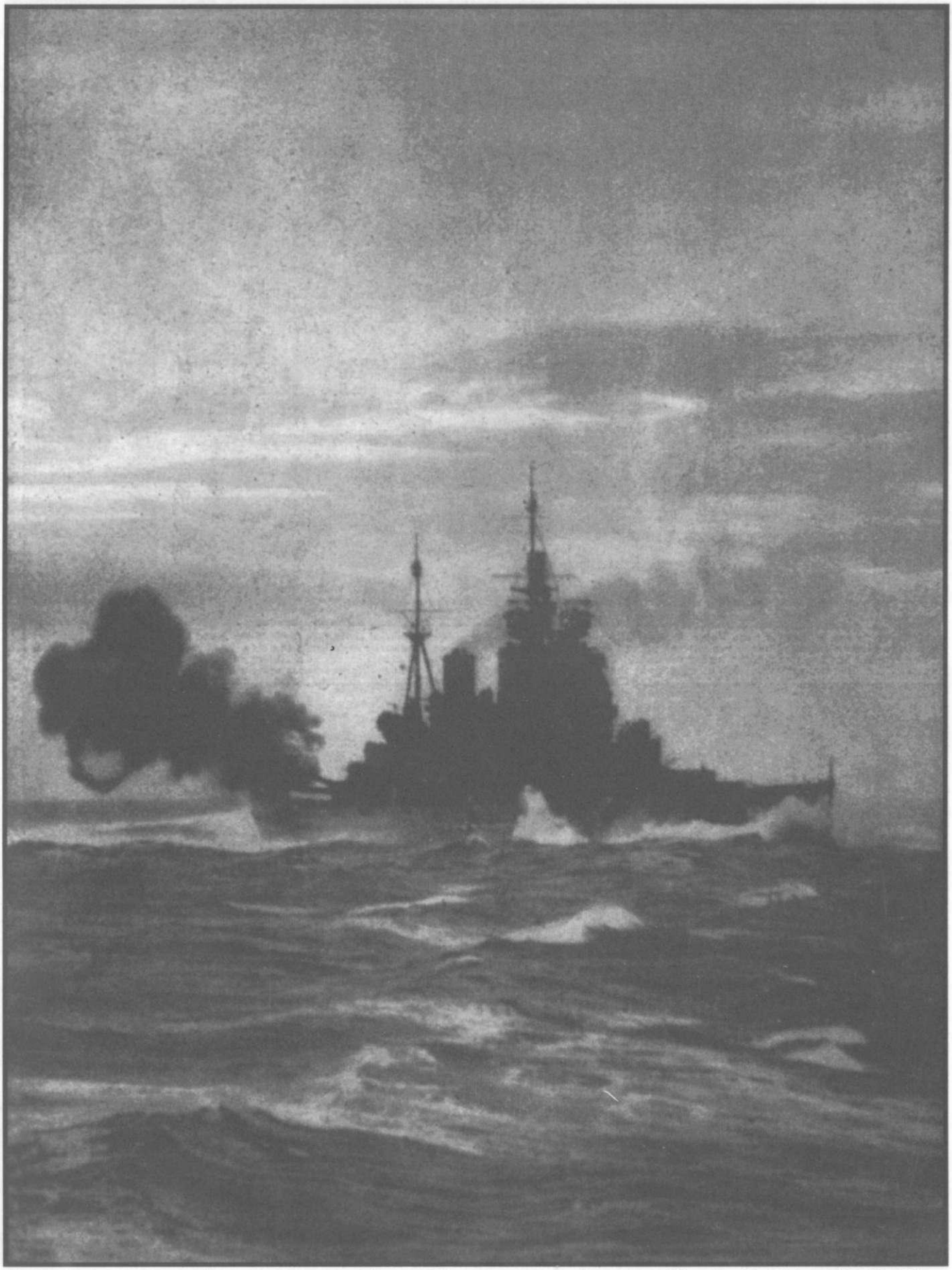
Lt.-Comdr. C. E. Bridgeman, R.N.R. (smoking pipe), captain of the Dianthus, who directed the corvette's action against the U-boat, photographed upon his ship's bridge.



BEARDED U-BOAT PRISONERS (left) seen on arrival at a British port. They have just disembarked from H.M.S. Dianthus, and are listening intently to the instructions of their captors. The crew of the Dianthus (right), lined up on the deck of their ship after reaching their base receive the congratulations of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, C.-in-C., Western Approaches. The officers and men of the little warship were highly commended for the redoubtable fight they put up against the German submarine and for the valiant part each of them played in a remarkably successful action.

Photos British Official: Crown Copyright

Her Thunder Meets the Thunder of the Sea



H.M.S. DUKE OF YORK was laid down in 1937 and completed in 1941 ; her first " mention " was in Jan. 1942, as the ship which took Mr. Churchill to America. She belongs to the King George V class, her sister ships being King George V, Anson, Howe, and Prince of Wales. The Duke of York has a displacement of 35,000 tons, and carries a complement of 1,500. Her armament includes ten 14-in. and sixteen 5·25-in. guns and 4 multiple pom-poms. She is here seen firing a salvo from her after 14-in. guns. *Photo, British Official*

Never in History Such Street Fighting as This

BIG FACTORY BUILDING ON OUTSKIRTS OF STALINGRAD HELD BY RUSSIANS AS A FORTRESS
GERMANS ATTEMPTED TO BURN DOWN THE CITY
GERMAN TANKS MEET HEAVY FIRE
FALLEN MATERIAL ONLY STRENGTHENS THE STRONG POINT FROM WHICH GUNS FIRE ON ADVANCING TANKS

Stretching for many miles along the Volga, Stalingrad ranks among Russia's greatest industrial cities ; today it is one great battlefield. The drawings in this page give an extraordinarily realistic picture of fighting conditions in the outer suburbs and inside the city. Above, a great factory building on the outskirts has been converted into a formidable fortress, while in the foreground debris serves as a strong point blazing defiance at advancing German tanks. Below, an impression of fighting in the city's centre ; in the same building different floors are held by the one side and the other.

'THE BATTLE OF STALINGRAD is unique,' says General Dietmar, the Nazi military spokesman. "The Russians have done everything that could be done to fortify the city, and their talent for fortification is well known. For the first time in modern warfare the Germans are confronted with the task of fighting right through a great city which is being systematically defended. Street fighting in a town of 500,000 people is indeed a phenomenon." These vivid drawings tell their own story.

Drawings by E. Byatt ; courtesy of The Sphere

In Stalingrad Every Ruin Blazed Defiance

STALINGRAD'S ORDEAL has been a terrible one under the enemy's mass attacks. Top photograph, gutted buildings in one of the main squares ; on the right is a group of statuary. Centre : Two women carry supplies to the heroic defenders against a background of blazing buildings. Bottom photograph, from a German source, two Nazi soldiers cautiously advancing along a ruined street. "The battle of Stalingrad," wrote a Nazi war correspondent, " has become a war between human moles."

Photos, News Chronicle, Planet News & G.P.U.

Stalingrad's Name Is Written In Blood

Stalingrad has been called the Soviet Verdun, but not even Verdun at the height of its agony was so blasted and burnt as has been the great centre of Russian industry on the Volga. Verdun was a great and powerful fortress : Stalingrad has found its principal defence not in guns and fortifications, but in the spirit of its defenders.

WHEN in August 1942 the enemy drew near to the very gates of Stalingrad, the city committee of the Bolshevik Party issued a stirring call to arms :

Once again, as twenty-four years ago (the reference is to Stalin's successful defence of Stalingrad, then called Tsaritsyn, against the Whites), our city is experiencing trying days. The bloodthirsty Nazis are pushing towards sunny Stalingrad, towards the great Russian river Volga. People of Stalingrad ! Do not surrender the city to be defiled by the Germans. Rise like one man in defence of our beloved town and our homes. In the grim days of 1918 our fathers saved Tsaritsyn. We will do the same in 1942. All who are capable of shouldering arms, defend your city, your home !

To this appeal the people responded with patriotic eagerness and heroic zeal. Those who through age or infirmity could play no useful part were evacuated across the river ; others, men and women alike, took up arms and devoted themselves to keeping up a steady supply of munitions and rations to those in the firing line, and to repairing tanks and guns damaged in the fighting. And though the battle was raging on their very doorsteps, the war factories, the great tractor factory in particular, kept on working at full blast. Sometimes when the Nazis broke through the workers downed tools, took up their rifles, and hurried to the combat. Then, when the danger was averted, back to their benches they went, to their lathes, their furnaces.

So the great city—Stalingrad stretches over an area on the western bank of the Volga some twenty miles by ten, as big as eighteenth-century London and composed, as London was then, of a built-up heart surrounded by chains of suburbs and straggling villages—became a battlefield. The Soviet High Command took the deliberate decision to defend the city to the last street, the last house, the last floor. There was not a street that was not made into a tank obstacle, not a block of flats or office buildings that was not converted into a nest of pillboxes, not a factory but had its garrison of resolute fighters.

THE Germans were surprised ; soon their surprise was tinged with amazement, with ever-deepening horror. They expected, having broken through the outer ring of defences, to march in triumph through Stalingrad's streets as they had marched in triumph through so many cities in the length and breadth of Europe. How they were deceived ! Stalingrad was no Paris. Stalingrad was defended as not even Warsaw or Belgrade, Kharkov or Rostov, had been defended. The assailants had to face fire from every angle, every corner, every roof-top. The street fighting was the fiercest ever to be witnessed. Grenades and fire-bottles rained down on the German tanks from roofs, through windows. Thousands of the city dwellers joined in the struggle. Never in history has a great industrial city been exposed to such an assault, devoted to such destruction, defended in such a fashion.

By the end of September a great and terrible battle was being waged inside the city between small groups of desperate men armed to the teeth. " Every man uses an automatic weapon," reported The Times Special Correspondent in Moscow, "and enemies jostle one another on staircases and in corridors. Never before in military history has so much fire-power and weight of material clashed in so small a space." He went on :

It is a war *à outrance*. You may lose the hall of a building and from the staircase you may see the enemy pour across the threshold. But there can be no surrender. From the first-floor windows your machine-guns try to keep more men from entering, while troops with tommy-guns wait for the enemy to climb higher. And if you lose the first floor there is one above it.

Soon, of Stalingrad's thousands of buildings only the stone structures remained, and many of these were reduced to ruins by the German pattern-bombing. The vast areas more or less covered with the wooden shacks and shanties, strongly suggestive of a pioneer settlement in America's Wild West, went up in flames or were crushed beneath the Nazi tanks or wiped out by the incessant hail of bombs. But the great business buildings, blocks of flats, and factories were made into strong positions, connected below ground by tunnels which provided excellent cover for the defenders taking such tremendous toll of the men in field-grey. Some of the fiercest engagements took place at street crossings and in the adjoining blocks, between small groups of tanks, shock troops, and grenadiers. Powerful barricades were built across the streets composed of heavy furniture, massive safes from the offices, mountains of sandbags filled by thousands of eager workers toiling hours without end. Reported The Times correspondent :

The noise of the battle is said to be appalling. It is compounded of the harsh din of heavy tanks, the ceaseless chattering of machine-guns, and the unabating zoom of hundreds of aeroplanes fighting large battles in formation. Only in the infrequent lulls do the screams of the dying and the whimpering of the battle-crazed reach the ears of the soldier.

Inside the city Von Bock's panzers were almost useless, since their progress across the piles of shattered masonry was so slow ; his bombing planes, too, had their drawbacks, since looking down on that extraordinary battlefield it was impossible to detect where amid the shell-pocked ruins the Germans lay and where the Russians. But outside the city the tanks raged and roared across the steppes, over the hillocks and down the ravines, through the melon fields and in and out of the windmills still waving their arms above the plain. Now and again a hundred or even two hundred tanks were formed into a massive battering-ram and flung against the defenders within the built-up area ; every gun that could be brought to bear pounded the Red positions, and through the gaps the Nazi infantry filtered. But time and again Timoshenko's men rallied and retrieved what had been a desperate position.

THOUSANDS upon thousands fell ; little was reported of the wounded's fate, but every account spoke of the dead piled in horrible heaps. " German infantry at Stalingrad no longer has the old striking power," cabled a correspondent of a Berlin newspaper ; " regiments have shrunk to skeletons of their former selves, and it is almost incredible that these men who have scarcely had a wink of sleep for days or even weeks can continue to fight against the Red Army's ferocious resistance."

Nazi commentators and war reporters vied in their descriptions of Stalingrad's inferno.

Fighting in the city, so far from slackening, increases in fury every hour (cabled another German eye witness). During the day Russian and German tanks are locked in battle often little more than ten yards apart. They are engulfed in a thick grey mist from the shattered buildings and the smoke of their own cannon. At night, infantry fight hand-to-hand engagements in darkness lit by leaping flares, exploding bombs, and the glow of burning buildings. Fighting through these streets is a matter of creeping from shell-hole to shell-hole, over barricades made of beams and planks from ruined houses. Snipers occupy every remaining roof-top and window. Russian sharpshooters lie hidden behind walls or in pits scooped in the earth. The Germans must face fire from every direction at once.

FIGHTING AT STALINGRAD in the central sector of the factory district, the Germans were forced to bring up artillery to smash the resistance of the defenders. This photograph from a German source shows the bombardment of a factory which is being used by the Soviet troops as a base for counter-attacks. *Photo, Keystone*

ONE more quotation from a man who saw the battle at its height, at quarters uncomfortably close. It is a German Propaganda Corps war correspondent speaking.

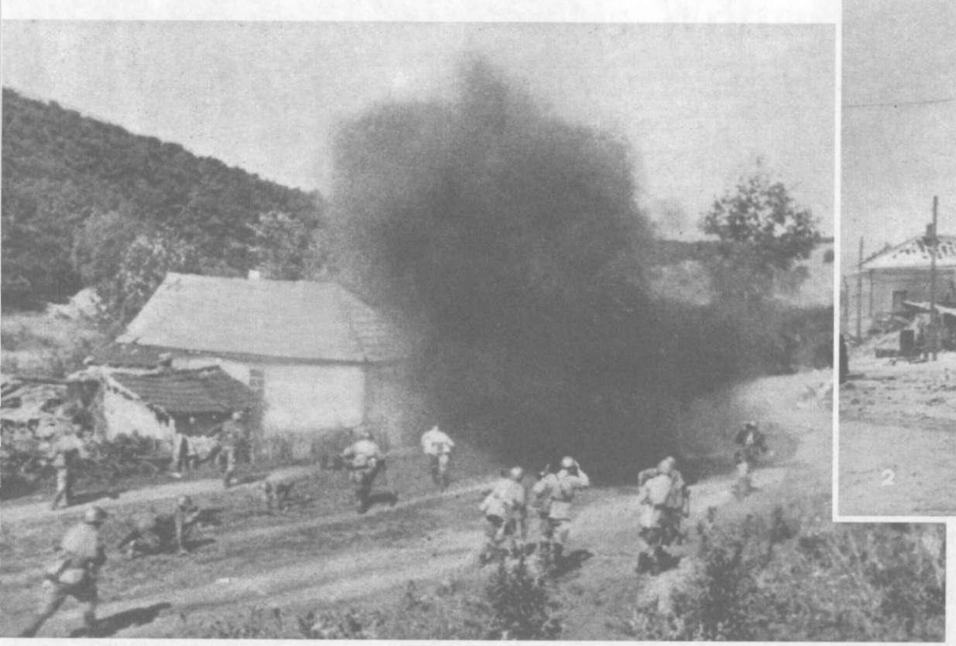
The German infantry is now very tired. It is impossible to imagine what it means to remain exposed in open day and night fighting perpetually. The Russian artillery fires unceasingly. Batteries fire from the centre of the city, and amid thick vegetation on the Volga's farther bank one can see flashes of guns. Anti-tank guns blaze away at us from the heights which surround our positions. Tanks fire at us from all sides. Russian aeroplanes bomb us. There is literally a rain of shells creating an inferno through which our infantry must pass.

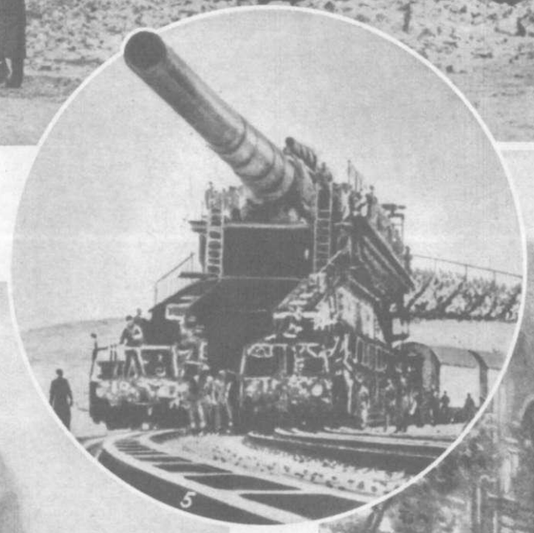
" Fierce as was the enemy," went on the correspondent, " he is less numerous now." But the Germans, too, had had losses. " There are German graves all over the steppes of the Don, and the dry brown soil is carpeted with the bodies of those who have died heroically for Germany. *The soldier no longer fears death—he regards it as his destiny.*" In thousands of German homes those words must have struck like a knell of doom. And that was the battle of Stalingrad—the city which, says the German spokesman, Gen. Dietmar, the Russians raised into the symbol of victorious resistance.

hotos, Keystone

At Rostov They Fought in the Street

In the Russian cities every street is a battlefield, every house a fortress that has to be stormed at terrific cost. Artillery and tanks must be brought up to subdue the desperate resistance of the defenders. These photographs taken by a Nazi cameraman when Rostov was captured by the Germans last July are evidence of the grim character of the struggle.





In All History's Many Centuries . . .

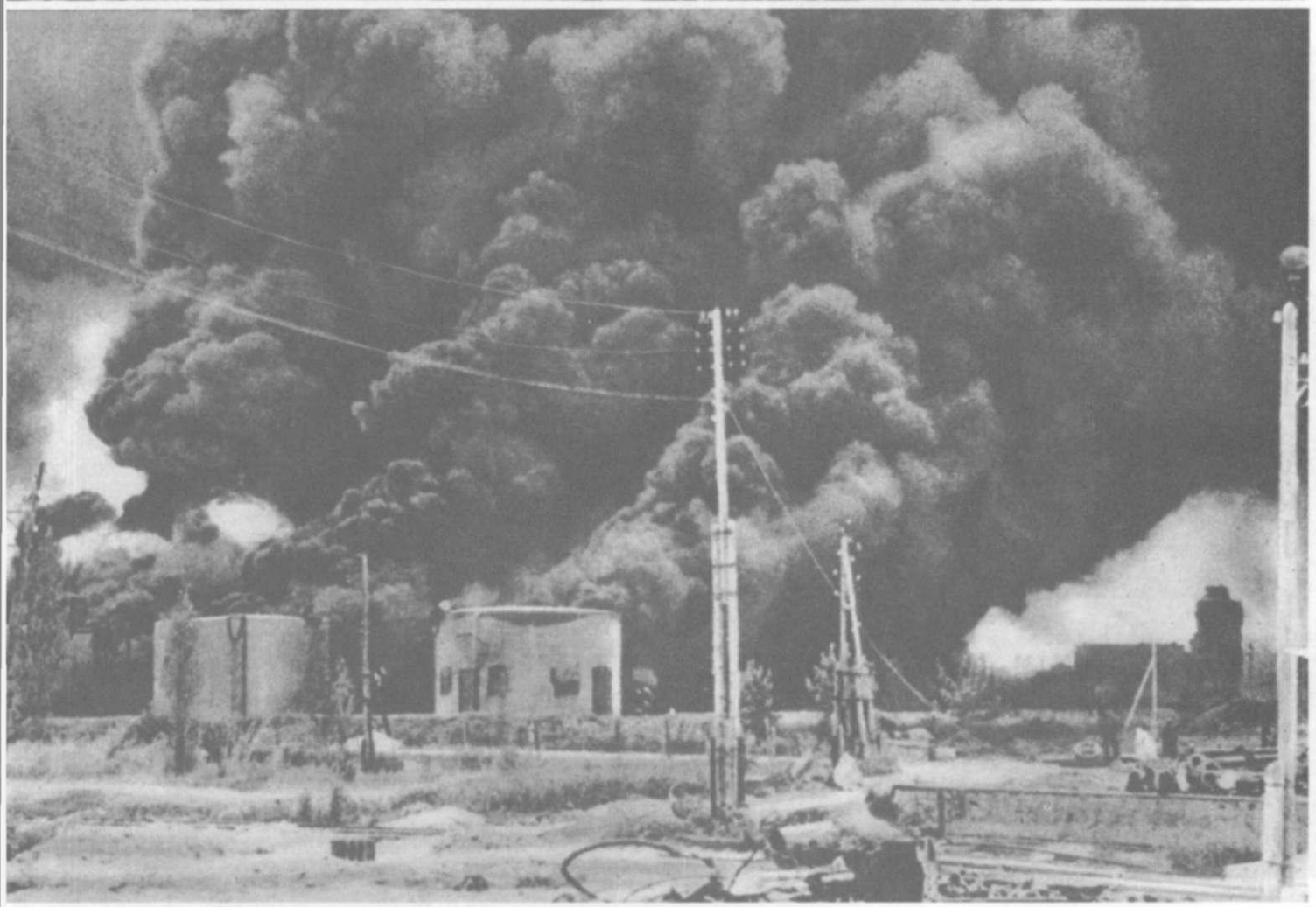
Time and again the Red Armies have been "annihilated"—did not Hitler himself say a year ago that "Russia has already been broken and will never rise again"?—but still their oft-claimed triumph eludes the invaders. So far from being worsted, the Russians return to the attack (1), recapturing towns, e.g. Vereya, S.W. of Moscow (2), befouled by the Nazis.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News, G.P.U., Associated Press, Keystone

. . . No Battle So Vast as This

After a year of siege Leningrad still stands fast: (3) a Russian scout in the outposts. At Rzhev the Nazis have rushed up reinforcements (4) to check the Russian counter-thrust; and siege guns have had to be brought up at Stalingrad (5), as field pieces were at Rostov (6).

"We are faced with the devil himself," recently complained a Nazi commentator.



Journey's End in the Caucasus

Photos, Topical Press, Keystone

For many weeks and months the Germans have been fighting their way towards the oil-fields that lie on either side of the mountains whose snow-capped peaks look down upon the column of Russians seen marching to the front in the top photo. And where as at Maikop (below) the Nazis have reached their objective, they have found the wells engulfed in flames.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

Will Air Power Decide This Global War?

When an air ace, with proved capacity in modern aircraft design and large-scale production, confronts the American and British nations with a reasoned statement that Victory Through Air Power (the title of Major Alexander Seversky's book, Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) is the quick, the final and the only means to achieve victory, he forces upon us a reconsideration of basic principles obscured by long controversy.

THE bomber is to be supreme and will strike across oceans and round the world. No land or sea operations are possible without air control. Navies are no longer lords of the seas. Battleships will be consigned to museums of outlived weapons. Unity of command, long recognized on land and sea, applies with no less force to the air.

These are far-reaching doctrines—destructive of all older and many current ideas of strategy. But they are advanced with weighty arguments by Major Seversky, and there is every reason why they should be considered with care. For it may be that, though they are destructive of older ideas, they are of constructive importance in the phase of the war which we have now entered. That our own and the American Bomber Commands are working on somewhat similar lines was seen in the recent statements of Brig.-Gen. Eaker, commanding the 8th Bomber Command U.S. Army Air Force, now in Britain: "Air power is the most powerful means we have to win the war," said the General; and "there are enough aerodromes built and building in the British Isles to accommodate all the Allied air forces needed for the destruction of Germany."

Major Seversky puts the cat among the pigeons when he makes the statement that in a very few years we shall see inter-hemisphere air fighting direct across the oceans.

The range of military aviation is being extended so rapidly that the Atlantic will be cancelled out as a genuine obstacle within two years, the Pacific within three years. After that, in five years at the outside, the ultimate round-the-world range of 25,000 miles becomes inevitable.

It is of little use to object that we are not immediately concerned, in the war against the Axis, with what may happen in five years' time, even in three. If, in so short a period as five years, round-the-world air fighting were proved to be practical and not the dream of an air-intoxicated visionary, then its earlier developments must affect air strategy immediately. Already range, power, and altitude of bombers and fighters are increasing.

SEVERSKY'S revolutionary thesis is concentrated in his eleven basic principles on which air power is to be developed, eleven "air-power lessons for the Allies." Briefly they are as follows:

1, No land or sea operations are possible without first assuming control of the air above.

Control of the skies is paramount for strategic jurisdiction of any land or water surface. National dominance, in war or peace, must be measured with the yard-stick of air power. Anywhere within striking distance of enemy aviation an adequate air umbrella is a minimal condition today for surface warfare.

2, Navies have lost their function of strategic offensive.

A fleet today can approach an enemy shore only under the shield of a powerful umbrella of land-based air power. In short, in the struggle for possession of coast lines, the initial offensive action is the function of aviation, not of navies. This theme is developed in Seversky's fifth "lesson."

3, The blockade of an enemy nation has become the function of air power.

Britain has learned the hard way, says Seversky, that blockade, heretofore a task of sea power, has been taken on in a very much larger measure by air power, which is destined to be the only effective type of blockade. Given enough properly-armed aeroplanes of adequate range, the enemy's supply lines can be wrecked. The first objective of aerial blockade, therefore, is conquest of the skies.

4, Only air power can defeat air power.

A.A. artillery, balloons, and other land and ship defences offer supplementary hazards to attackers, but are at best palliatives and not a cure. Despite first-class A.A. fire, H.M.S. Illustrious was put out of action by bombing planes, the Bismarck could not ward off aerial torpedo attacks, and both British and Japanese battleships have failed to avert destruction by their own A.A. fire.

5, Land-based aviation is always superior to ship-borne aviation.

WHILE navies will always carry their own auxiliary aircraft, Seversky considers that naval aviation is a temporary expedient, marking the transition of military aviation from short to long range. When this is achieved the aircraft-carrier will no longer be essential. He goes so far as to state that the time is approaching when the phrase "sea power" will lose all real meaning. Navies will still fight other navies, but the issue, like all military issues, will be settled by air strength. In the Coral Sea and Midway Islands battles the Japanese were defeated without the warships coming to grips.

If battleships venture into hostile waters without an air umbrella equal or superior to the total enemy aviation, they court destruction. And even then, he holds, this kind of convoy is uneconomical and illogical. A country with air power sufficient to guard a battle fleet in enemy waters should unloose that power at the heart of the enemy instead of wasting it to shield a less effective force.

6, The striking radius of air power must be equal to the maximum dimensions of the theatre of operations.

It is here that Seversky develops his theory of global air control—a theory so startling in its logic that it paralyses, he says, the imagination of the people unprepared to accept the facts. In the development of military aeronautics air power, for maximum effectiveness, must function directly non-stop from home bases. It must strike at the enemy anywhere in the world without intermediate stations. The mind stands appalled in contemplating the end possibilities of his basic proposition that a plane with a 15,000-mile range and a striking radius of 6,000 miles can give to air power total world dominance. And in the Douglas B19 America already has a bomber of 7,800 miles range.

IT was because the Luftwaffe suffered from deficiency of range that Hitler had to occupy one nation after another in order to bring his air force within striking distance of his main objective, whether it was Britain, the Mediterranean, or Russia. In Russia his handicap of short range showed up sharply.

7, The factor of quality is relatively more decisive than the factor of quantity.

Goering counted on overwhelming the R.A.F. by sheer weight of aviation, but a 25-mile edge in speed, plus greatly superior fire power, decided the Battle of Britain. Similarly, long-range bombers with good fire power can accomplish greater destruction and brush off enemy fighters (for example, the newer Fortresses). In the Pacific, says Seversky, U.S. aviation was actually inferior in quality, as well as quantity, to the Japanese. In fact, counting heads in the air without taking quality into account is a mere delusion, and the quick obsolescence of aircraft may leave the mass producers at a heavy disadvantage. Hence the superiority of the R.A.F. at the very beginning.

ALEXANDER SEVERSKY, a Russian air ace born in Russia 48 years ago, was a U.S. test pilot in 1918. He founded the Seversky Aviation Corporation in America in 1931, and designed the first fully automatic bomb sight.

Photo, New York Times Photos

8, Aircraft types must be specialized to fit not only the general strategy but the tactical problems of a specific campaign.

THE argument here is supported by German failures. The Heinkels and the Dorniers were used as all-purpose bombers, and 2,300 of them were lost in the futile attacks on London. It is essential that we should out-think as well as out-build the enemy, and our military leaders must have technological foresight as well as strategic and tactical foresight.

9, The destruction of enemy morale from the air can be accomplished only by precision bombing.

This is a vital lesson that has surprised even air specialists. Panic expected from random bombing is shown to be a myth. The people's will to resist can be broken only by destroying the essentials of their lives, and this demands precision bombing. Industrialization affords perfect concentrated targets.

10, The principle of unity of command long recognized on land and sea applies with no less force to the air.

All the author's previous argument builds up to this conclusion. The conquest of the air is a separate enterprise in a different sphere and must have a unified command.

11, Air power must have its own transport.

It is ludicrous for an air force moving at 300 miles an hour to be dependent upon transport at 10 or 15 knots. Aerial transport won the Battle of Crete and the lack of it handicapped the defence of Hawaii and the Philippines. The main advantage of the air weapon is that it ignores surface obstacles.

Throughout this thought-provoking volume Major Seversky enforces his arguments and builds up his theories by detailed examination of the air history of the present war. If the prospects he offers us have their terrifying aspects—for both sides are surely thinking on similar lines; even if we think him extreme and reject half of what he has to say—there still remains a hard core of ideas and facts which only needs a simple analysis of the air mistakes made by all the Powers to demonstrate their vital importance.

S. G. BLAXLAND STUBBS

Mr. Kaiser's the Man to Beat the U-Boats

Can Hitler's U-boats sink the ships of the United Nations faster than the shipyards in Britain and America can turn out new vessels? On that question the fate of this island, and, indeed of our common cause, may well depend.

TEN days to build an ocean-going cargo ship! In the last war the record time for building a similar ship was 212 days. In this war the time has been steadily reduced. On August 24 the shipbuilding record of 35 days was established. It stood for exactly 5 days: on August 29 a similar vessel took the water 24 days after its keel was laid. Then, less than a month after, Sept. 23, yet another 10,500-ton Liberty freighter took the water. She was launched 87 per cent complete; and on Sept. 27—13 days 23½ hours after her keel had been laid—she was delivered ready for service to the United States Maritime Commission. All these record-breaking ships have been turned out from the shipbuilding yards of Mr. Henry J. Kaiser, a middle-aged contractor who a few months ago was practically unknown even to his fellow citizens in the U.S.A., although today he enjoys a world-wide reputation. Henry J. Kaiser is the man who knows how to build ships—and build them quick.

Little more than a year ago fourteen merchant vessels were launched at various American ports on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Mexican Gulf. One of the fourteen was called Patrick Henry, after the famous orator and statesman of the period of the American War of Independence—the man who in 1775 at a revolutionary convention in Virginia supported the proposal for arming the militia by a speech with the dramatic peroration, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, Give me liberty or give me death!" Because of this association, the 312 ten-thousand-ton freighters, of which the Patrick Henry was one, were called Liberty ships.

THAT was on Sept. 27, 1941. Twelve months later 327 Liberty ships, as well as some 160 cargo vessels of other types, tankers, etc., were already in use and many more were on the stocks; and the anniversary of that first launching was celebrated throughout America as Liberty Ship Sunday. The highlight of the celebrations was a message of thanks from Mr. Churchill to the shipyard-workers and merchant-seamen of the U.S., broadcast from London by Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador, in which the Prime Minister declared that the completion of nearly 500 large ocean-going cargo vessels in the short space of twelve months is "a master-stroke in Freedom's cause."

Who was the man chiefly responsible for this tremendous effort? America seems to be unanimous in answering with the name of Henry J. Kaiser. Little seems to be known about him: at least, little has been cabled across the Atlantic concerning his life before he took up shipbuilding. For the most extraordinary thing of the extraordinary story is that Mr. Kaiser was until quite recently—since the war in fact—an absolute tyro in shipbuilding. He was a public works contractor, and he had a very large share in the construction of the Boulder Dam and other great concrete engineering works which are among the outstanding monuments of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal. When the war began Mr. Kaiser had never built a ship, and we are assured that he knew nothing about shipbuilding. But, like many other up-to-date Americans, he knew a great deal about machinery; and the secret of his success would seem to be that he knew how to apply machinery in the production of ships just as Mr. Ford applied it in the production of motor-cars. During the last year or two he has secured control of six shipyards on America's Pacific coast—in one or two cases he has actually built the yard; and he was granted contracts for the building of 679 Liberty ships, each of 10,500 tons. Swiftly he got down to the job; one after another, in successive batches, the ships poured out of his yards.

IN the House of Commons last July Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, in referring to the United States shipbuilding programme as one of the most "fascinating, almost fantastic, industrial achievements that could be imagined" went on to refer to Mr. Kaiser, "who never made a ship before but is now turning them out at an almost unbelievable rate. One can see the superstructure of a ship, with the captain's shaving glass and the carnations and everything else, being lifted in like a child's toy. Somebody says, 'What is missing?' Somebody else says, 'The bows are,' and then they are lifted in to make the thing complete."

How does Mr. Kaiser do it? Pre-fabrication seems to be the answer. To Mr. Kaiser a ship is not like a building, something that has to be raised slowly, step by step, in stage by stage, from its foundation; rather it is a unit composed of a number of parts, all of which are manufactured separately but simultaneously and then put together. His

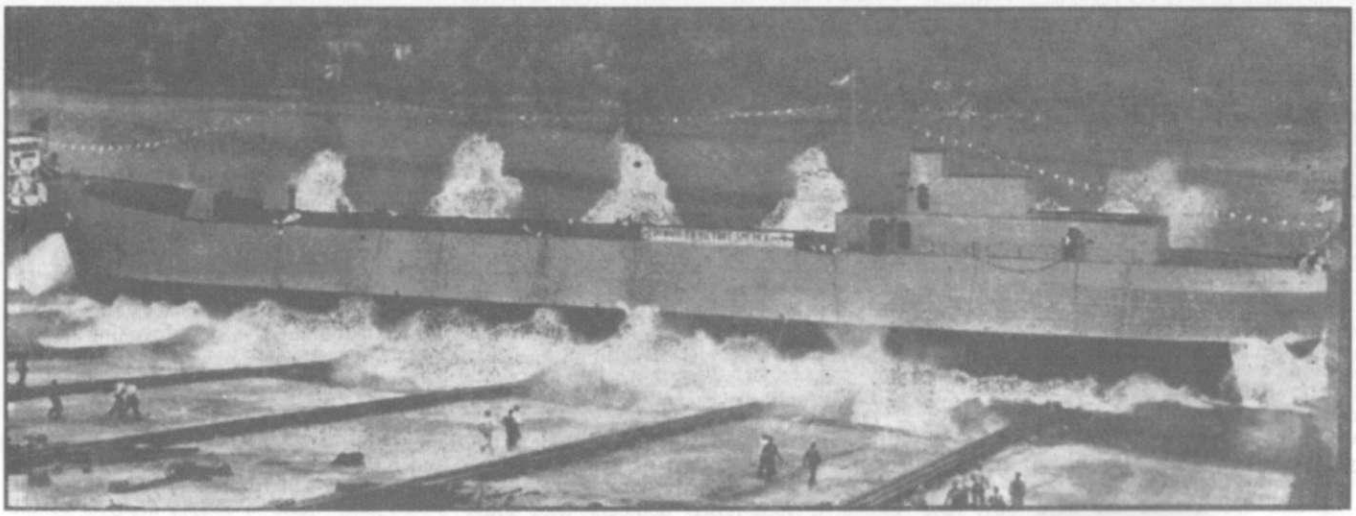
MR. H. J. KAISER, "the World's No. 1 Shipbuilder," seen with his wife at the launching of one of his 10,500-ton Liberty cargo ships. He is a man of 60, living in Oakland, Cal.
Photo, New York Times Photos

method of working has been described by Mr. Robert Waithman, News Chronicle correspondent in Washington:

First he builds a model. Then he takes the model and divides it into convenient parts. Steel plates arrive to make the full-scale parts, and welders are waiting for them. On vast sub-assembly platforms plates are cut, bent and welded until they become a ship's bows or part of a deck-house. Seventy-two-ton cranes pick them up and move them on. Eighty-five-ton trailers drag them down to the slipways. They are welded to the other sections. In days instead of weeks there is a ship ready for launching.

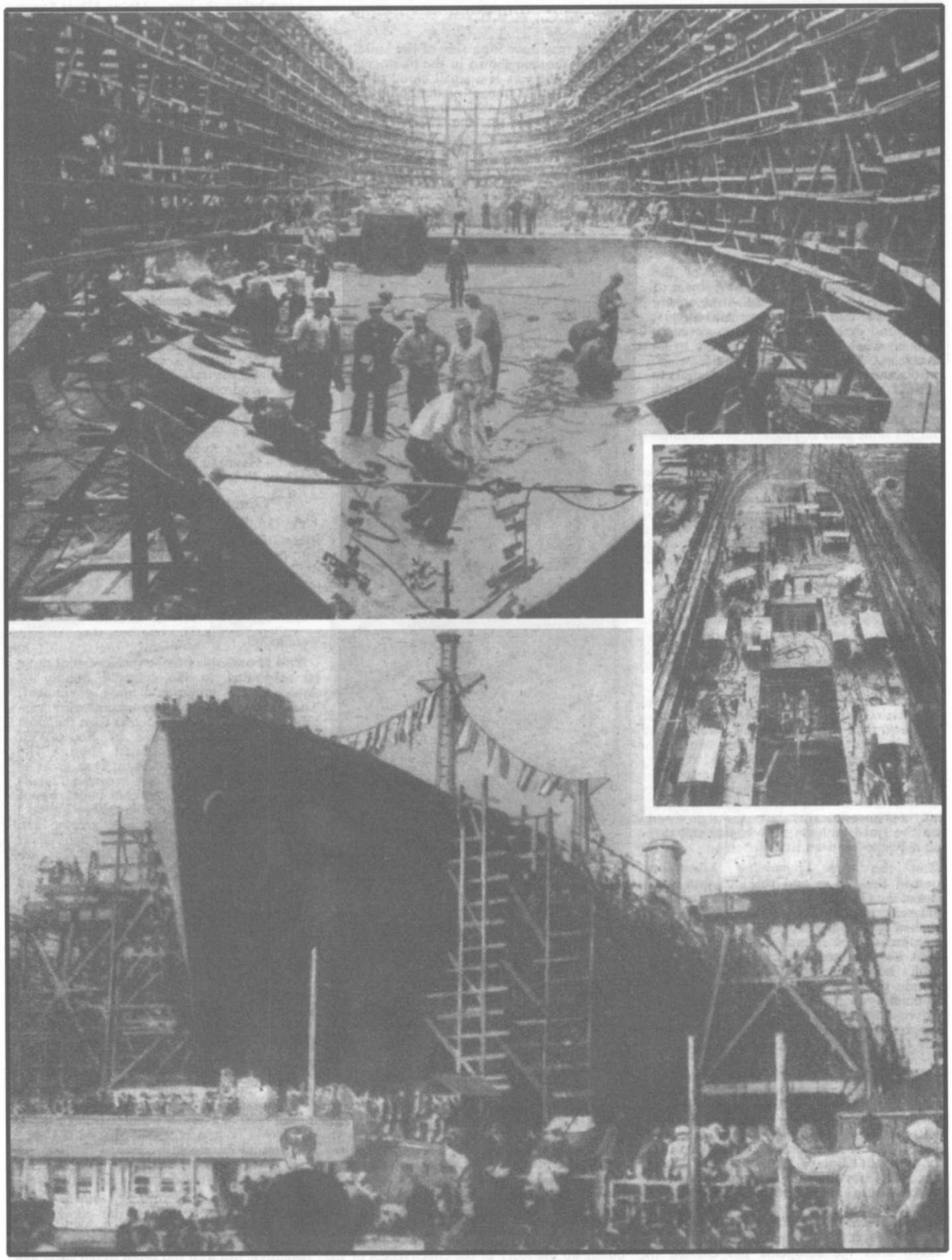
It moves into the water and is tied up at what we used to call the fitting basin, only there never was a fitting basin like it. Hundreds of engineers, plumbers, electricians, painters and carpenters descend upon it; in a week-end it is fitted and furnished. They have built a Liberty ship, starting with the laying of the keel and finishing with the making of the captain's bed, in 46 days.

That was around last July; since then, as we have seen, Kaiser has smashed his own record time and again, and is now turning out a ship in ten days. And he has not finished yet. He is confident he can do better. Nothing is impossible, he declares.



U.S. SHIPBUILDING has broken world records. On Sept. 25, 1942, it was reported that 488 cargo ships had been completed within the previous 12 months; of these 327 were Liberty ships. By Jan. 1943 American shipyards will be turning out more than 4 ships a day. Above is seen one of the largest vessels of war to be launched in U.S. inland waters. Bearing the slogan "Forward to Victory, America," this ship is the first of a fleet of landing craft for tanks. *Photo, Keystone*

All Records Broken by America's Shipyards



A LIBERTY SHIP IN TEN DAYS! In one of the Pacific Coast shipyards of Mr. H. J. Kaiser, the world-famous American shipbuilder (see opposite page), workmen are engaged on the bottom of a Liberty ship (top). Five days later the freighter is well on the way to completion (centre right). Then, on Sept. 23 she takes to the water (bottom photo, radioed from America), 87 per cent complete. Three days later, 13 days 23½ hours after her keel was laid, she was handed over to the U.S. Maritime Commission.

Photos, Associated Press, Keystone

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by **Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.**

NEW technical developments current in the air war are primarily aimed towards two ends. One of these is to enlarge the cubic area of the atmosphere within which flight to attack can be made. The other is to increase the weight of attack by the concentration of heavier loads of bombs, and by reducing the time intervals between attacks around the twenty-four-hour clock.

These developments concern the offensive type of aircraft, namely, the bombers. The purpose behind them is the age-old military object of seeking to penetrate the defences ever more efficiently.

Enlargement of the cubic area of the atmosphere is effected by the employment of surface-level bombers and sub-stratosphere bombers, so that the enemy anti-aircraft gunners and defensive fighters can never be certain at what height they may have to go into action. This forces the Luftwaffe (which controls and mans guns as well as aircraft) to duplicate all defences everywhere over the areas within which such attacks can be made, for the same guns and fighters are not suitable for both high- and low-level defence.

This new characteristic of the United Nations' air offensive over Western Europe must throw a still greater strain upon German industry and the whole enemy defensive organization from, say, Stavanger down to St. Nazaire, although the full weight of the new tactical development has been felt so far only between Oslo and Lille.

R.A.F. Attack on Oslo

Twin-engined Mosquito bombers, capable of high speed at low-flying levels, attacked the Gestapo headquarters in Oslo from roof-height on Sept. 25 (see page 264). That was their first public demonstration.

THE tactical method adopted for the attack was interesting. The four planes flew east of Oslo, about ten miles inland from Oslo fjord, and then turned to attack, heading on the course for home. There are two aerodromes close to Oslo—Fornebü and Kjeller. Focke-Wulf 190 fighters rose to meet the British raiders. The German fighters got one of the Mosquitos, just before it reached the city. Squadron Leader Parry saw it go down into the fjord with its port engine smoking and a Focke-Wulf on its tail.

But the three remaining Mosquitos bombed the centre and the east and west sides of the Gestapo H.Q. and saw debris and dark-red dust and smoke thrown up. As they bombed they photographed. No better confirmation of the accuracy of the bombing could be obtained. It must be borne in mind, however, that such photographs indicate only the effect of the bomb-hit on the buildings and not the explosion when the delayed-action fuses fire the bomb after the aeroplanes have flown out of the danger zone.

How to 'Read' Air Photos

I have heard people say that they cannot understand air photographs, and that the photographs of the bombing of the Gestapo headquarters in Oslo were particularly ineffectual in conveying to them a true idea of the value of air attack. I know why they are puzzled. Bombs released when flying low travel forward at the same speed as the aeroplane, and hit the objective at the same moment as the machine passes over it. In consequence, the photograph must be taken after the aeroplane has crossed the target. It is taken not as the pilot sees his target, but as the rear gunner sees it, looking backward down the tail. In all probability the bomb may have hit a side of the building hidden by the one shown in the photograph, so that all one sees is a small cloud of dust thrown up by the impact of the bomb upon a part of the building which does not seem to be distinguishable in the print. Anyone looking at such photographs and imagining that the view is that of the pilot must be misled, and I can well understand their bewilderment. But with this explanation the reader will, I trust, be better able to understand such photographs, and to appreciate

RAID ON OSLO of Sept. 25, 1942: the arrow shows smoke from bombs exploding on the Gestapo H.Q. The photograph was taken by one of the British aircraft; another photo appears in page 264 (see text).

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

their true value—which is to confirm the accuracy of the bomb-hits.

The three Mosquitos shook off the Focke-Wulfs thirty miles from Oslo. The boss of one airscrew of one of the Mosquitos was hit, but the aeroplane flew on smoothly. That was all the damage the F.W.s did to them in a thirty miles' chase.

Air photography is also used to assess the effect of night raids. Photographic flash-bombs of about 50 million candle-power are dropped with the bombs. A blinding light lasting about one-tenth of a second illuminates the target, which is then automatically photographed by a camera with an open shutter. Accuracy of night bombing is thus disclosed to air intelligence. The series of photographs, taken by succeeding bombers, builds up the story of the effectiveness of the raid as each successive film shows increasing numbers of fires; and in the later films perhaps the whole target is seen to be ablaze. This method of night aerial photography was first developed in the United States some years before the war. Major Albert Stevens, well-known American air photographic expert, who flew to 72,000 feet in the stratosphere balloon Explorer II, made many early experiments.

On Oct. 2 Mosquitos bombed Liége iron and steel works in daylight, and four days later a factory and power station at Hengelo. Before Hitler came to power the Germans had a factory at Hengelo, in Holland (just over the German frontier), where range-finders for warships and other technical equipment for naval ships were made.

ON the upper side of the atmospheric cube, U.S. Army Air Force Fortress bombers have proved more than a match for Germany's best fighter aircraft. On one occasion they shot down twelve German fighters without loss to themselves when raiding a target in Holland without escort.

Since then large combined fighter-bomber attacks have been made. On Oct. 2 Fortress bombers bombed the former Potez aircraft factory at Meaulte, near Albert, used as a maintenance and repair base by the Luftwaffe, while other Fortresses bombed the German fighter aerodrome at St. Omer-Longueness. The 80 bombers were assisted by 400 fighters, including British, Canadian, New Zealand, Polish, Norwegian, Belgian, and American squadrons, which swept an area of 160 miles from Le Havre to Nieuport, penetrating to a depth of 50 miles.

Great U.S. Raid on Lille

On Oct. 9 a force of 115 U.S. Fortress and Liberator (mentioned for the first time in a European action) bombers, assisted by 500 fighters, bombed the Fives-Lille locomotive and steel works in daylight. The fighters shot down five German aircraft without loss to themselves. The bombers shot down 48. Four bombers were lost; the crew of one were saved.

This remarkable bomber achievement must be attributed to the splendid quality of American air crews and their equipment. The Fortress, with turbo-supercharger carburetted engines, can fly higher than the most effective operating height of Focke-Wulf fighters—Germany's present best. The speed of the Fortress at height is as great as that of the F.W. The Fortress carries 13 half-inch machine-guns which shoot bullets about four times heavier than rifle-calibre bullets; these have a penetrative quality greater than the resisting power of current German fighter aircraft armour (which was doubtless intended to give protection against the rifle-calibre bullet-stream of Hurricanes and Spitfires). The half-inch machine-gun has a greater range of fire and a flatter trajectory than the rifle-calibre machine-gun and a far more numerous succession of projectiles than the cannon-gun.

The operating height and armament of these aircraft are a technical surprise for the Luftwaffe. German endeavour to armour fighters to resist the half-inch calibre bullet will tell against their performance. The present relatively small bomb-load of the Fortress is to be increased.

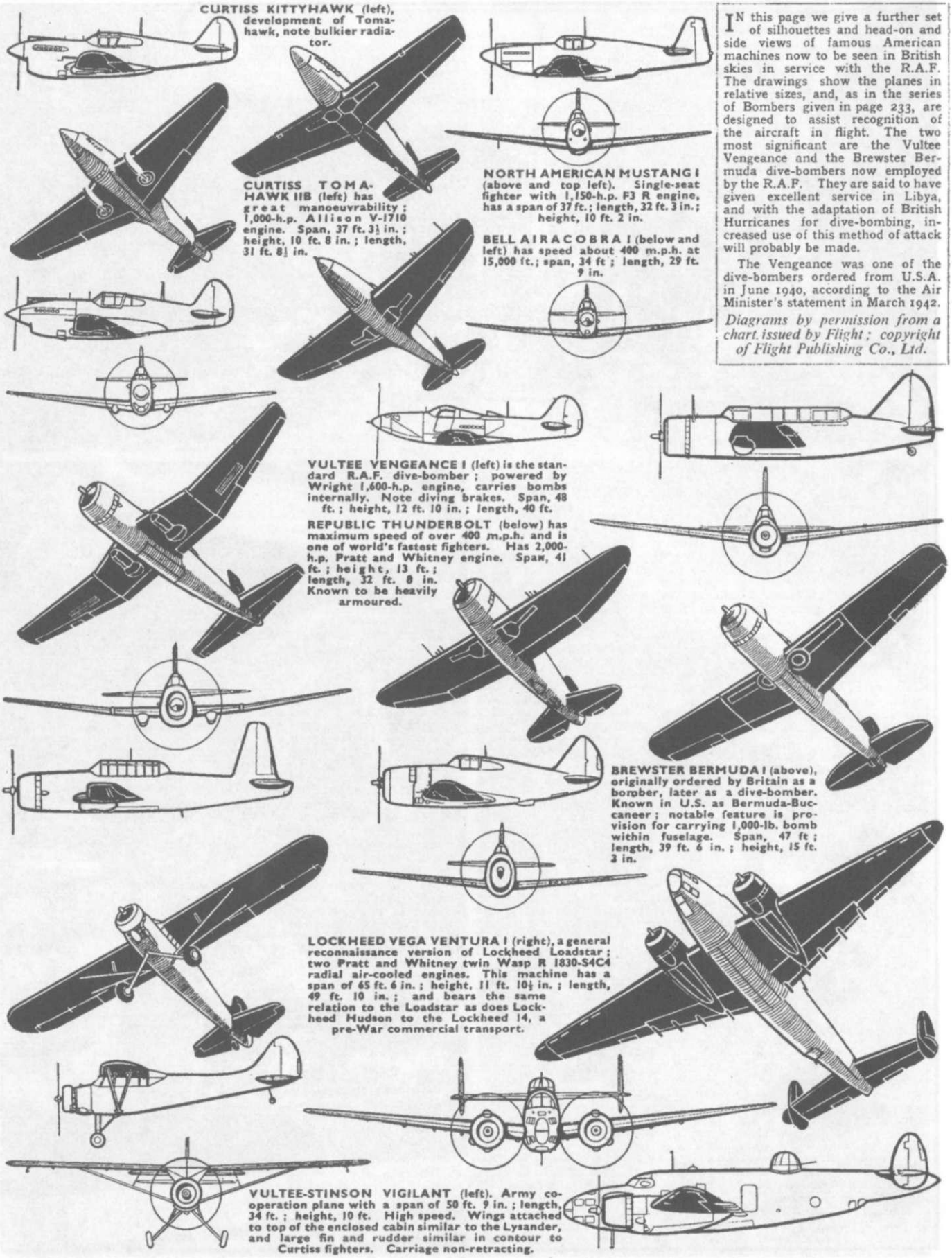
ADD to these factors the load-carrying capacity of British night bombers (about double that of Germany's best Heinkel 177), and it will be apparent that around the cube and around the clock the United Nations are now pressing heavily upon German air defences in Western Europe. Our first great victories against Germany are taking place now in the air. And with the tactical air offensive again surpassing the tactical air defensive, just as it did seven to ten years ago, the period is decidedly favourable to the United Nations, who are now approaching a phase of rising air superiority.

How to Recognize U.S. Fighters & Other Craft

IN this page we give a further set of silhouettes and head-on and side views of famous American machines now to be seen in British skies in service with the R.A.F. The drawings show the planes in relative sizes, and, as in the series of Bombers given in page 233, are designed to assist recognition of the aircraft in flight. The two most significant are the Vultee Vengeance and the Brewster Bermuda dive-bombers now employed by the R.A.F. They are said to have given excellent service in Libya, and with the adaptation of British Hurricanes for dive-bombing, increased use of this method of attack will probably be made.

The Vengeance was one of the dive-bombers ordered from U.S.A. in June 1940, according to the Air Minister's statement in March 1942.

Diagrams by permission from a chart issued by Flight; copyright of Flight Publishing Co., Ltd.



CURTISS KITTYHAWK (left), development of Tomahawk, note bulkier radiator.

CURTISS TOMAHAWK IIB (left) has great manoeuvrability; 1,000-h.p. Allison V-1710 engine. Span, 37 ft. 3½ in.; height, 10 ft. 8 in.; length, 31 ft. 8½ in.

NORTH AMERICAN MUSTANG I (above and top left). Single-seat fighter with 1,150-h.p. F3 R engine, has a span of 37 ft.; length, 32 ft. 3 in.; height, 10 ft. 2 in.

BELL AIRACOBRA I (below and left) has speed about 400 m.p.h. at 15,000 ft.; span, 34 ft; length, 29 ft. 9 in.

VULTEE VENGEANCE I (left) is the standard R.A.F. dive-bomber; powered by Wright 1,600-h.p. engine, carries bombs internally. Note diving brakes. Span, 48 ft.; height, 12 ft. 10 in.; length, 40 ft.

REPUBLIC THUNDERBOLT (below) has maximum speed of over 400 m.p.h. and is one of world's fastest fighters. Has 2,000-h.p. Pratt and Whitney engine. Span, 41 ft.; height, 13 ft.; length, 32 ft. 8 in. Known to be heavily armoured.

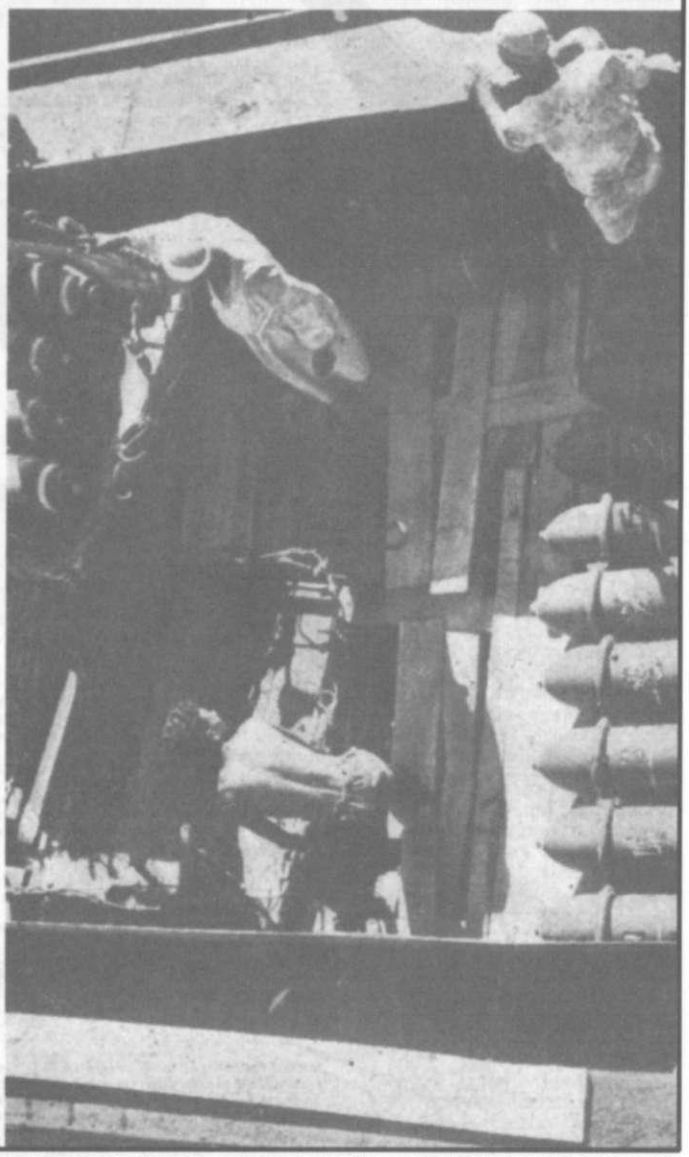
BREWSTER BERMUDA I (above), originally ordered by Britain as a bomber, later as a dive-bomber. Known in U.S. as Bermuda-Buccaneer; notable feature is provision for carrying 1,000-lb. bomb within fuselage. Span, 47 ft; length, 39 ft. 6 in.; height, 15 ft. 3 in.

LOCKHEED VEGA VENTURA I (right), a general reconnaissance version of Lockheed Loadstar; two Pratt and Whitney twin Wasp R 1830-S4C4 radial air-cooled engines. This machine has a span of 65 ft. 6 in.; height, 11 ft. 10½ in.; length, 49 ft. 10 in.; and bears the same relation to the Loadstar as does Lockheed Hudson to the Lockheed 14, a pre-War commercial transport.

VULTEE-STINSON VIGILANT (left). Army co-operation plane with a span of 50 ft. 9 in.; length, 34 ft.; height, 10 ft. High speed. Wings attached to top of the enclosed cabin similar to the Lysander, and large fin and rudder similar in contour to Curtiss fighters. Carriage non-retracting.

AMERICAN FIGHTERS, DIVE-BOMBERS, with a Bomber Reconnaissance plane and an Army Cooperation machine. These are all working with the R.A.F. in Britain and overseas. A machine of which much is expected is the P.47, Seversky or Republic Thunderbolt, described as America's fastest fighter, exceeding 400 m.p.h. It stood up to 680 m.p.h. in diving tests. In America it is known as an Army pursuit plane with six machine-guns. The N. American Mustang is now supplied to a British Army Cooperation squadron; it is of very high speed with four machine-guns.

In Libya We're Bombing Them All the Time



HAMMERING ROMMEL'S BASES in Libya and the Western Desert the R.A.F. Middle East have given no respite to the Axis-occupied ports and vital centres of communication. The top photograph shows the remains of a street in Benghazi after a heavy raid. Supply lines serving Rommel's forces in the desert have been ceaselessly attacked. Below left, bombs are bursting on a number of enemy motor transports during an attack by our light bombers. Vehicles which escaped the full force of the salvo are shown by minute specks. Right, bombs being unloaded from the hold of a ship which has just arrived in port with fresh supplies.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone

On a Village School the Nazi Dropped a Bomb

SCHOOLBOY VICTIMS OF A GERMAN RAIDER were buried with their headmaster (Mr. Charles Stephenson), and a woman teacher, in a common grave on Oct. 3. Their school, situated in the little town of Petworth, in Sussex, received a direct hit on Sept. 29. 1, All that was left of the school building. The headmaster stayed on till the end, getting out as many boys as possible. 2, This boy received head injuries; he is seen with his mother. 3, Army lorries carry 26 coffins to the graveside. 4, Scene at the graveside. In all 32 were killed. *Photos, The Daily Mirror, Sport & General*

UNDER THE SWASTIKA

In Paris They Have a Way with the Boche

For two years and more the "City of Light and Laughter" has been a city of darkness and depression; through the streets once filled with carefree crowds move the Nazi soldiery and officials, still bumptious and bullying, though not perhaps quite so swaggering as in the first days of their easy triumph. In the article that follows, written by a French Correspondent, we are shown something of present-day life in Paris.

DESPITE the enemy hanging around, the streets in the residential parts of Paris are not very much different from what they were in peacetime—at least, if you look at them superficially. Of course, the Quartier Montparnasse has lost all its cosmopolitan glamour, and as it has become one of the favourite haunts of the Boche, the Parisians have also deserted the well-known cafés such as the Dôme, the Coupole and the Rotonde, whose spacious "terrasses" encroaching so largely on the broad sidewalk used to be crammed with crowds of artists and would-be artists come from the four corners of the earth.

But if you walk up under the double rows of trees that shadow each footway of the Boulevard Raspail and reach the Place du Lion de Belfort, you find things very much as usual. Here begins the populous "Petit Montrouge" included in Paris since 1860; it is situated a thousand feet above the level of the Seine, and every morning a large part of its population "go down" to Paris, as the old inhabitants still say, to work in offices, stores, workshops and workrooms. Very decent people all of them—hard working, thrifty, steady and well-behaved, who like at their moments of leisure to take their children round for a walk along the broad avenues edged with trees.

RESERVED FOR GERMANS. France's best railway coaches, like most of the other good things in that unhappy country, are reserved for the use of the conquerors. Old, dilapidated wooden compartments are considered good enough for the French people by the Nazi authorities. *Photo, Keystone*

ON the platforms they will join the crowd that gathers around a performer, a singer, male or female, with musicians playing concertinas or accordions or even scraping on a fiddle, crooning some sentimental "romance" or giving full value to the hints and innuendoes of a comic song. The boys are eager to go a little farther on, where they are sure to find, when the weather is fine, the well-known Jules Lefort, an acrobat in tights, bare arms showing his enormous muscles, ready to perform some feats of strength, to lift weights or dumb-bells or any other tricks. But he will not begin before enough money is down; he wants it in cash; he estimates his feat of acrobatics at thirty francs: "Just the price of a horse-flesh steak at the next cook-shop," he will banter. He has the gift of the gab, and his patter is sparkling with sallies and quibbles which make the onlookers shake with laughter. There are sure to be some double-meaning quips, hinting at the unwelcome guests, the *fridolins* (Fritzies) or the *doryphora* (potato beetles) as they call the Boche; and the audience will look round with sarcastic grins on their faces and hatred in their souls to see whether there is a field grey around there.

THE other day Jules Lefort's eloquence was interrupted by a shrill voice coming from the corner of a street where is the branch of a well-known food store, to which in peacetime housewives used to flock to obtain at cheap prices all kinds of eatables and victuals, although now the windows and stalls are empty. A woman has been hoisted on a trestle outside, and as she throws handfuls of leaflets among the disappointed customers she cries: "How long are we going to stand it? When are we going to revolt as the British and the Americans tell us to do?" Two policemen and several Germans in uniform rush up and drag the woman down. Across the street, apparently resting idly against the banisters of the tube station, with their hands in their pockets, are a group of men; now of a sudden they stretch out their arms, shots ring out, policemen and Boches fall, the woman and the men vanish among the crowd and nobody will see them again. The incident will soon be radioed all over the world, but soon Jules Lefort has an audience again, and while the ambulance carries away the casualties he continues with his performance.

AMONG the restrictions imposed as the result of German requisitions and pillage the shortage of wine is one of the hardships French people find it most difficult to bear. Ordinary wine is drunk by all classes at meals—and a very healthy drink it is, too. Before the war you could buy a litre, not far short of two pints, for a franc (say, 2d.), and for three francs you could get a bottle of Médoc or Beaujolais. Now it costs four or five times as much, and it is rationed, each adult being entitled to one litre a week—when it is to be had in the shops. But in the case of wine, as of nearly all other foods, there is a black market, and if you know where to turn with enough money you can drink as much wine as you can afford. The fact was once more disclosed by a scandal that was lately exposed at Amiens, where in a single week a profiteer disposed of 5,000 gallons at 50 frs. a gallon to retailers who sold it by the glass, charging 7 or 8 frs. for a small glass. At the inquest the warehouseman made a clean breast of it and admitted that he was hand-in-glove with the requisitioning German authorities, sharing the spoils with them; even so, he confessed to having made twenty million francs since the armistice, going halves with the German peculators.

The people who wallow in wealth are not all profiteers. The industrialists who manage to get coal and raw materials from the Boche and to keep their factories working full-time, are certainly making large profits, but they are not stuffing their coffers with the marks the enemy is paying them with, and whose final value they mistrust. They turn it into more solid possessions, into land, houses, farms. For less ambitious investments, people with fattened wallets will go to the Hotel des Ventes, the only place in Paris where auction sales can take place, whose official name is Hôtel des Commissaires-priseurs, from the name of the official valuers who alone are entitled to proceed to auction sales. Some of the sales are widely advertised, and on sale days not only all the well-known dealers and amateurs, but the Boches, flock to the Hôtel Drouot; the latter are always well supplied with specially-printed marks, whose exchange rate is arbitrarily fixed at twenty francs to the mark, so that everything comes cheap to them. All the same, as often as not the "bande noire," the "black gang," may be quietly operating against them, so that a few nods will make them pay according to the real rate of exchange.

A LITTLE while ago a very small water-colour by Manet had been very much admired before the sale by a group of onlookers, all with close-shaven heads and obviously Teutonic. When it was put up to auction they began to bid eagerly, only to be outbid time after time by two or three men who were obviously frequenters of the room, and known to the auctioneer. Their quiet nodding soon seemed to kindle the wrath of the Boches, who looked daggers at their competitors, but went on bidding angrily, and when it reached the enormous price of 320,000 frs. the Frenchmen prudently let it be knocked down to the close-cropped amateurs—who looked very happy at securing a "triumph," when in fact they had come a really awful cropper.

Here is another incident. A wine sale is proceeding. Many close-shaven skulls are nodding. Two bottles of Pommery 1911 go for 920 fr. Six magnums of Ruinard 1928 reach 5,720 fr. and ten bottles of Grand Marnier 9,200 fr. Then, with his tongue in his cheek, the auctioneer announces three bottles of White Horse whisky, *cachet d'or*; and with a prepossessing look towards the Boches he adds: "They are well worth a thousand francs each. Not easy to get more. You'll have to wait for the invasion of England." The Boches do not demur, the French smile. The auctioneer goes on: "*C'est dit. Je mets à prix à trois mille.*"

IMMEDIATELY, before any of the Teutons has had time to speak, one of the Frenchmen says *Quatre!* Then, in close succession, *Cinq! Six!* from two Frenchmen. The tussle clinches. *Sieben!* from one of the Germans. *Sept!* repeats the auctioneer. *Acht!* raucously blares out an apoplectic Boche. *Neuf!* announces the auctioneer, catching a nod from a French bidder. The Boches remain silent in spite of the appealing shakes of the head of the auctioneer: "Going, going, gone!" And the hammer falls on the desk while the bookkeeper, who seems to be familiar with the bidder, gives him a wink and writes his name in the register.

'So, You Would Force Us Greeks to Kneel!'

GREEK DEFIANCE of the Axis reached its climax on March 25, 1942, on the occasion of the Greek National Independence Day celebrations. This day, of great significance in modern Greek history, commemorates the country's liberation from the domination of the Ottoman Empire brought about by the Greek War of Independence (1821-1833). Now once again Greece suffers under a tyranny in comparison with which the barbaric systems of the past fade into insignificance. Greek love of freedom is uncrushable, as the Germans and Italians have found to their cost.

Students of Athens University (left), bearing the national flag and singing patriotic songs, paraded the streets on March 25.

With Teutonic brutality the German inscription on the wall below declares: "We will force you to your knees."

IN ATHENS, on Mount Lycabettus, the students crowned the bust of Xanthos, the Hellenic patriot whose efforts among his countrymen abroad from 1814 to 1821 did much to further the Greek War of Independence. One of the students is seen above placing a laurel crown upon the bust. The latter stands in the square Philike Hetaerea (Association of Friends).

Having returned from the ceremony, students are rounded up by Axis troops in the streets of Athens. A group (right) fearlessly watches the efforts of the soldiers to deal with demonstrators. Patriotic fervour on the part of the Greeks has grown as the Axis has to resort increasingly to repressive measures.

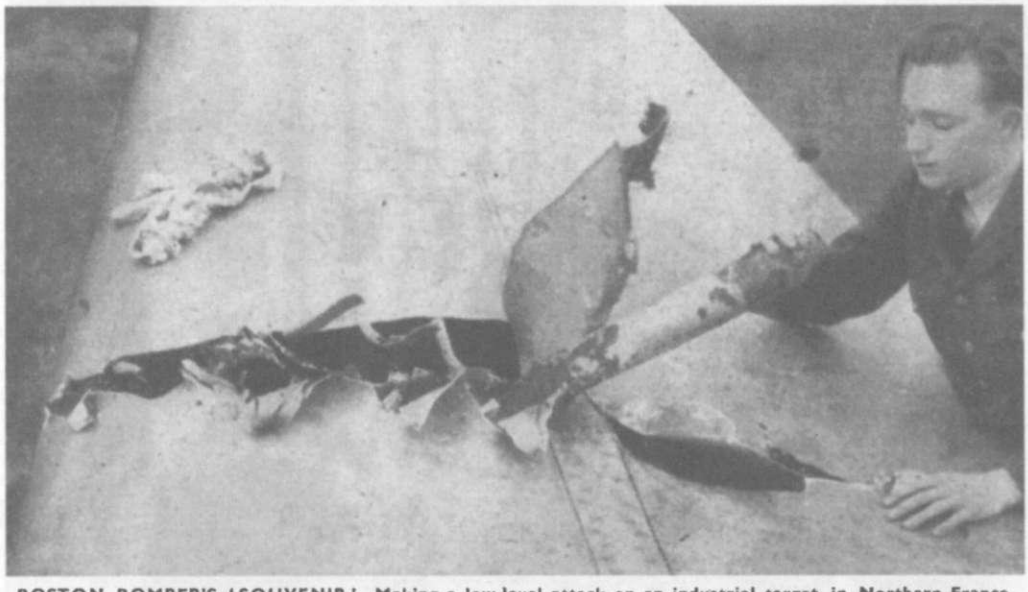
Photos issued by the Greek Government in London

Here and There with Our Roving Camera

MAHARAJAH JAM SAHEB OF NAWANAGAR, a member of the War Cabinet and Pacific Defence Council, spent a day recently with an airborne division of the Home Forces. He is seen on the right of the above group, while on the left is Capt. E. M. Egan, the first padre of British paratroops. Paddington Borough Council have enabled mothers to hire prams on the instalment system. The first pram is seen, right, leaving the Welfare Centre.

SGT. KEITH ELLIOTT (above), fifth New Zealander to win the V.C. in this war—his award was announced on Sept. 24, 1942—displayed outstanding bravery at Ruweisat in the Western Desert on July 15. Wounded four times, he led survivors of his company, numbering 19, and captured 130 prisoners, five machine-guns, and an anti-tank gun.

N.F.S. 'SHOCK TROOPS' are now training on Commando lines. Volunteers for Mobile Columns must be prepared to go anywhere at any time. Part of their training includes a special "assault" course, modelled on Army pattern. Such a course demands the utmost toughness from these National Fire Service volunteers, who must be proficient in the arduous technique of crossing rivers, etc., in full kit. Above, some of them are seen doing exercises at their camp.



BOSTON BOMBER'S 'SOUVENIR.' Making a low-level attack on an industrial target in Northern France, a Boston's wing struck a steel mast. A section of tubing broke off and remained wedged in the ripped wing. The aircraft reached home safely. Miss C. McGeachy (right), attached to Mr. H. Butler's staff at the British Embassy in Washington, is the first woman to attain British diplomatic status.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Topical Press, Daily Mirror

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

'Were You Frightened, Reuter? So Was I, Very!'

A great Allied convoy battled its way through the Arctic seas with vital supplies for Russia (see pages 279, 281). Here is an eye witness account of the tremendous adventure by Arthur Oakeshott, Reuters Special Correspondent with the Home Fleet.

THE largest convoy ever taken to Russia is feeling its way through the danger belt north of Scandinavia. All hands are at "Action Stations"—keyed up for the inevitable clash. We know a powerful German attack force is lurking in wait. Then loudspeakers crackle. Tension breaks. The words we have been expecting blare their warning . . . "Large group of enemy aircraft approaching on starboard bow."

Beside me the yeoman of signals, binoculars to eyes, counts them aloud: "One, two, three . . . Ten, fifteen. . . . Forty-two coming in, sir! Where's me bloody tin hat? I can never find it when I wants it."

So it started—a prolonged and concentrated assault, the "worst torpedo bombing attack of the war." They are coming in. Fifty-two roaring streaks of streamlined death, each carrying two torpedoes. Some are Ju 88s. Others are Heinkel 111s—all twin-engined heavy bombers. They come in a long line, only a few feet above the surface of the water, fanning out as they approach.

The vast convoy stretches out on either side of the Scylla, protected by the largest destroyer escort ever known. Battle was joined while the enemy were still many miles from the merchant ships. We heard the flash and roar of big guns from the outer screen of destroyers, followed immediately by the staccato rattle of the multiple pom-poms—the "Chicago pianos."

SHELL bursts were soon joined in the Arctic air by long streams of cerise-coloured tracer shells from the Oerlikon guns. Then, as the planes zoomed over the destroyer screen, hell breaks loose. Nothing else can describe it. The port guns of the destroyers open up, followed immediately by every gun in the convoy, from the smallest merchant ship to the "big stuff" aboard the Scylla—heavy pom-poms, Oerlikons, anti-aircraft guns of every description, machine-guns, Bren guns.

From then on the battle becomes a whirling maelstrom of shells, bullets, tracers, black, blue, brown and grey smoke-bursts. The zoom of aircraft, the crashing of bursting shells, adds to the din. From time to time we hear the crash as torpedoes find their mark—there were losses, but nothing like what the Nazis hoped. Columns of smoke rise up into the low-hanging clouds. Bursts of flame spout forth and yells of triumph rise as plane after plane hits the sea and sinks.

I shall never forget the extraordinary sensation of looking down from the flag deck—I repeat, down—on the Heinkels and Junkers as they roared past the ships and turned sideways to launch their loads, while the merchant ships kept steadily on their course without the slightest deviation.

B. J. COFFEY (left) and Chief Steward P. GREY (right) displayed outstanding courage when their ship went down. The former, who was first cook, stayed to tend injured comrades and was later rescued; Russia awarded him the Order of the Red Star. Mr. Grey, who assisted three men to a raft, received the George Medal.
Photos, Daily Mirror, Topical

Rear-Adm. R. L. BURNETT, commanding the naval force which (as told in this page) escorted the convoy to Russia, photographed as he was transferred to a destroyer from his flagship H.M.S. Scylla. *Photo, British Newsreel*

Now the battle takes on a new phase. Hurricanes roar off from the flight deck of an aircraft-carrier to do battle with the enemy, and, within less seconds than it takes to write this, dog-fights are going on above the clouds, below the clouds, in breaks through the clouds, or low over the sea.

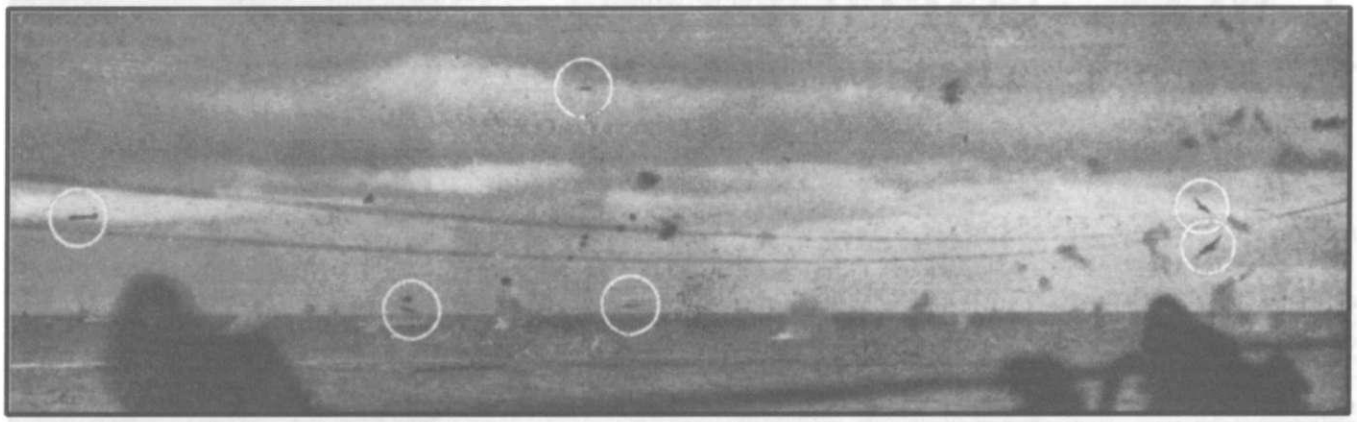
I hear a yell, and, looking to port, see one Junkers roaring up into the cloud with smoke pouring from it and another Hurricane hot after it. "He's hit!" roars the signalman. So is another, nearer to Scylla. I am just in time to see only its tail protrude above the icy waters of the Barents Sea. Farther away still more aircraft stream in. The excitement on the flag deck becomes deafening, only to be stilled by the stentorian voice of that yeoman of signals: "Shut yer ruddy jaw! Can't you see that destroyer's lamp calling up? Go on, get on to it!"

Nothing perturbs Yeoman White, who controls everybody in that small space with a vocabulary such as beats any sergeant-major I ever heard, even during my Army days. Even more unperturbed is the First Lieutenant, affectionately known as "Number One." Lieutenant-Commander J. A. H. R. McKean, R.N., microphone in hand, wanders from side to side of the bridge, keeping up a running commentary on the battle for the benefit of the ship's company. He scorns a steel helmet, wearing just a fur-lined cap that he picked up in North China, and a brown woolly coat. He is calmness personified. His voice scarcely showed excitement even when at a later stage an attempt was made to sink the Scylla.

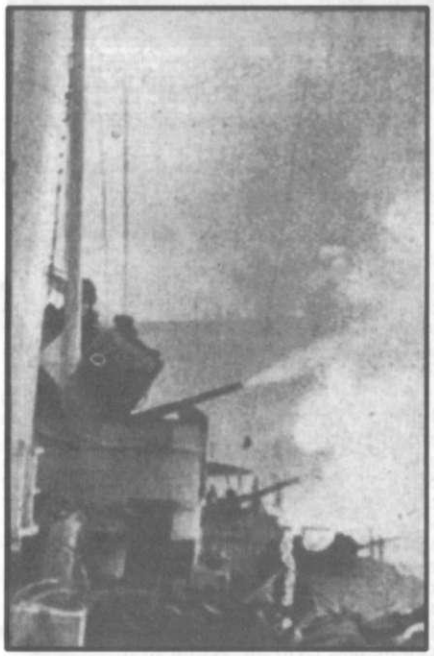
GRADUALLY the noise of battle dies away as the surviving Germans, having dropped their loads, streak for home, followed by myriads of shells. Those that dive low to the sea to avoid a high burst are followed with cunningly placed cerise Oerlikon tracer shells that ricochet off the water and plunk into fuselage and cockpit. I saw at least one Junkers come to a sticky end as a result.

It seems hardly any time before the calm voice announces that there are twenty-five more Junkers 88s or Heinkels coming at us. This time they carry bombs as well as torpedoes—but they have miscalculated. They are met, before they reach the convoy, by a drove of Hurricanes which completely breaks up the formation, so that they have to come in singly, and consequently are

When their ship was sunk in the attack on the Russian convoy, these sailors lost their possessions. The Red Cross provided them with new outfits, and here they are seen receiving warm clothing. Thrilling episodes of the memorable sea and air fight in the Arctic are recounted in this page.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright



During the four-day attack upon the largest Allied convoy yet dispatched to Russia, our ships, as related in this page, battled through a terrific bombardment of bombs and torpedoes. Above, an aircraft-carrier is being attacked by enemy planes. German aircraft are ringed in white. Below, an escorting British warship puts up a powerful barrage. *Photos, British Newsreel*



easier targets for the guns which once more roar into action. The attack comes from high level, low level and sea level. Torpedoes speed towards the Scylla, but the brilliant seamanship of the skipper, Captain I. A. P. Macintyre, C.B.E., R.N., who turns the ship with the rapidity of a motorist swerving a car, causes the " tin fish " to drift harmlessly past our stern.

Then comes the warning: " Bombers ahead ! "—" Keep a sharp look-out ! "

The Scylla gives the Jerries everything she's got. Suddenly there comes a whistle, and four bombs speed towards us out of the clouds. Again the skipper whips his ship round, and they splosh harmlessly into the sea. That is seamanship !

Another short breather. Then the alarm goes again—but not before a seaman has time to approach an officer and say : " Please sir, can we borrow some darts to pass the time away ? " That is one of the men Hitler cannot understand !

DASHING back to the bridge I met the P.M.O. (Principal Medical Officer). He tells me that when the alarm sounded all the patients in the sick bay leapt from their beds to their action stations at the guns, and when the situation eased they returned to their beds—to be waited on hand and foot. One of them who had some badly damaged ribs, manned a gun forward. After the first attack he was asked by the P.M.O. how he felt. " Bit of a headache, sir. I could do with a couple of aspirins," he replied.

The all-too-brief Arctic night gives us a spell of rest, but next day sees Jerry hard at it again. Our aircraft-carrier is singled out for special attention by a bunch of Heinkels and Ju 88s. In all, 17 torpedoes, to say nothing of a shower of bombs, are flung at her, but she comes through unscathed.

AND then I see something that will always live in my memory. The carrier seems to shake herself like an outraged angry hen, but instead of her chicks hiding in her wings for protection they—the Hurricanes—roar off her deck in pursuit of those who have upset their mother's equanimity—and did they give it to those Jerries ! Later she makes a signal that she has had " the honour of being the sole object of attack," claiming four planes for certain and three " probables."

Attacks continue through Monday. The day is notable for an amazing feat of seamanship ! The minesweeper Harrier comes alongside and, although we are travelling at considerable speed, she lashes herself to us and lands some 80 survivors from a torpedoed merchant ship. This is a difficult feat in peacetime in a smooth sea, but in a high sea with an icy wind and the enemy overhead—well, words just fail one.

This happens again later when H.M.S. Sharpshooter transfers to us more survivors, amounting to well over a hundred in all.

All through the hell of bomb and torpedo the convoy steamed steadily on, keeping position, never turning aside from the course set them by R.A.D. (Rear-Admiral Destroyers) and the convoy commodore. Each day and night until we reach the area of comparative safety our ship is shaken by the thunder of depth charges released by the destroyers forming the escort screen.

Now that we have passed the danger zone it is decided Scylla had better go on ahead with the survivors, seeing that she has served her purpose as an anti-aircraft ship, leaving Rear-Admiral Burnett to continue with the convoy until it is " in the quiet waters."

His flag is therefore transferred to a destroyer, and to do this an operation is performed which must be unique in this war at least. The destroyer comes alongside, a rocket line is fired over her bows, and she is lashed to the Scylla. All the time both ships are keeping the same speed as the convoy.

Then a crane gets to work and transfers the admiral in a slung chair over the " drink " and aboard the destroyer. True to the R.N. tradition, six seamen rise to their feet in a boat hanging from the davits and solemnly pipe the admiral over the side while the crew stand to attention and officers salute. The destroyer then speeds away with the admiral's flag at the masthead.

WE lower the admiral's flag from our own mast and put on a terrific speed into the gathering dusk alone, but not before we have seen that the destroyer screen is already in action against submarines.

Before he left, Rear-Admiral Burnett, in an interview he gave me on the bridge, said : " Well, Reuter, were you frightened ? "

I replied, " Yes, very, sometimes."

" So was I," he said, " very. And any man who says he was not is a B.F. ! "

One Evening I Crossed the Volga to Stalingrad

In all history no city, not even Verdun, has been more fiercely defended than Stalingrad. A perilous visit to this "city of dreadful night" is here described by Konstantin Simonov, the well-known Russian author ; it is reprinted here by courtesy of the Soviet War News.

ONE evening this week I crossed the Volga to Stalingrad. The battlefield stretched ahead in the brief southern dusk—smoking mounds, burning streets. The enemy's white signal flares shot into the sky.

The Volga at Stalingrad is not the Volga we have known. Its banks are pitted with craters. Bombs that miss their targets and fall into the river send up heavy swirling columns of water. Heavily laden ferry-boats and other light craft ply across to the beleaguered city. The din of battle echoes over the dark waters. The blaze of burning houses lights up the whole horizon. The artillery thunders incessantly and the crash of bombs is heard day and night. There is no such thing as a safe spot in Stalingrad today. But this no longer bothers the people. The very pattern of many of Stalingrad's streets is obliterated. Others are so churned up with bombs as to be nearly impassable. Such women and children as have not been evacuated shelter in the basements or in caves dug in the ravines leading to the Volga. The wreckage of Nazi bombers piles up in the streets. A.A. shells endlessly punctuate the sky.

Yes, it is difficult to live in Stalingrad today. The sky is on fire. The very earth staggers. There is no time to bury the dead. On the Volga beach lie the charred corpses of women and children burned to death when the Germans bombed a steamer that was taking them to safety. Night brings no relief. The air hums and throbs as German bombers circle the city with their loads.

Seated beside me on the ferry was a 20-year-old Ukrainian girl, an army doctor's assistant. It was her fourth or fifth trip to the city, helping to evacuate the wounded. Red Cross nurses and doctors' assistants work in the very front line. They arrange for the wounded to be carried to the far end

of the city, to the quayside, where there is a shuttle service of ferry-boats and other craft which convey the wounded to the opposite bank.

"I ought to be used to it, I suppose," the girl suddenly said as we approached the Stalingrad bank. "Yet every time I come I'm a bit afraid to land. I've been wounded twice—once quite seriously. But I never once thought I'd die, because I've seen so little of life yet."

HER wide-open eyes were sad. I knew what she must feel to be 20 years old and twice wounded, to have been at war for fifteen months and to be making her fifth trip to Stalingrad. In a quarter of an hour she would be threading her way through blazing houses, forcing a passage through side streets blocked with debris, heedless of shell fragments, seeking the wounded and carrying them away.

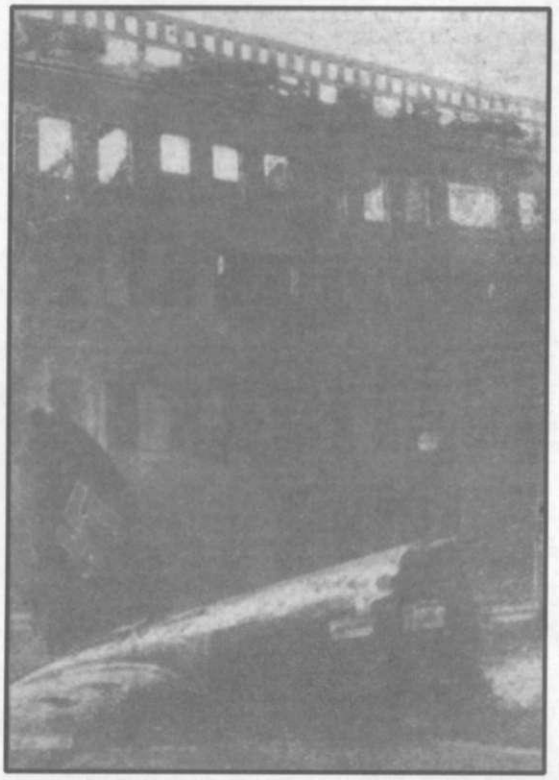
The headquarters of Stalingrad's defence is situated deep underground, where the enemy cannot smash it. The faces of those who direct the battle are grey as ashes; their eyes are fevered with lack of sleep. While I talked with them I tried to light a cigarette. It was no good. Match after match went out. There was too little oxygen in the air.

The commanding point is situated in an unfinished factory. A street leading north towards the German lines is under constant trench-mortar fire. It is a dangerous post.

The day breaks and the sky pales to blue. We make our way to an observation point in a key sector. Make yourself comfortable! Here is a well-sprung armchair! For this post is located in what was a well-furnished fifth-floor flat. We can see German motor-cars moving past at the extreme end of the street. German motor-cyclists and infantrymen come into view. Mines burst near by and a car jolts to a stop in the middle of the road below.

We leave the post and go on to a near-by factory which has a tank repair shop. At the gate armed worker-volunteers in leather jackets, cartridge belts wrapped round their bodies, carefully inspect our documents. We go down to one of the underground workshops.

A few days ago these workers heard that German tanks had pierced the defences and were making straight for their factory. The directors and the repair shop superintendent called the workers together. A number of tank crews were selected. Then repairs were speeded up on a few tanks that were nearing completion. When the job was done the workers jumped into the tanks and set off to meet the enemy, followed by several armed detachments of their comrades. They intercepted the Germans at a stone bridge across a narrow ravine. The tanks confronted each other across the bridge and a furious gun duel ensued. Meanwhile, German tommy-gunners began to clamber down the bank in an attempt to reach the other side. The factory workers engaged them. Barricades were built in all the streets leading to the bridge. As during the Civil War, the wives carried ammunition to their husbands. Young girls moved about the advanced positions, bandaging the wounded and dragging them to safety. Many died; but the workers held the Germans until darkness fell and Red Army reinforcements arrived to plug the gap.



SHOT DOWN IN STALINGRAD, this German bomber is one of many destroyed by the heroic defenders of the great Russian city. The wrecked machine lies amid the debris of building spounded by the enemy. *Photo, Planet News*

I STOOD on this bridge and gazed along the ravine. It was an extraordinary sight. The steep banks hummed like an ant-heap. They were honeycombed with caves. The entrances were covered with boards, rags—anything the women of Stalingrad could lay hands on to protect their families from the rain and wind. The sight of those sorrowful human nests, that had replaced the bustling streets of a lively city, filled me with bitterness. But the citizens of Stalingrad, men or women, young or old, have the confident smile and steady hand of a soldier. Theirs is a fight for life itself.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

SEPT. 30, 1942, Wednesday *1,124th day*

Russian Front.—Germans made advance in factory district of Stalingrad.

Africa.—Preceded by artillery barrage, our troops opened limited attack on the Egyptian front. Heavy raid on Tobruk.

U.S.A.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked Jap ships in Kiska harbour, Aleutians.

OCT. 1, Thursday *1,125th day*

Air.—R.A.F. attacked chemical works in Holland and oil refineries near Ghent by day. Night raid on Flensburg and other Baltic ports.

Russian Front.—After five attacks had been beaten off, Germans gained some ground N.W. of Stalingrad.

Australasia.—In New Guinea our troops occupied Nauro. U.S. army fighters raided Jap ground forces and shipping at Guadalcanal in the Solomons.

OCT. 2, Friday *1,126th day*

Air.—Four hundred Allied fighters and strong formation of British and U.S. bombers made daylight sweep over N. France. R.A.F. made night raid on Krefeld and other Rhineland towns.

Russian Front.—Large enemy attacks repelled by Russians, who made some progress in one sector at Stalingrad.

Burma.—U.S. bombers destroyed railway bridge on Myitkyina line.

Australasia.—Jap bombers raided Guadalcanal in the Solomons.

General.—M. Edouard Herriot, former French Premier, arrested by Vichy Govt.

OCT. 3, Saturday *1,127th day*

Russian Front.—Germans made some headway towards Volga N. of Stalingrad.

Australasia.—Jap bombers attempting to raid Guadalcanal turned back by U.S. fighters and A.A. guns. During night of Oct. 3-4 U.S. dive-bombers attacked Jap warships landing reinforcements.

U.S.A.—Navy Dept. announced that U.S. troops had occupied Andreanof Is., in Aleutians, and established air bases.

General.—British made small-scale Combined Operations raid on Sark.

OCT. 4, Sunday *1,128th day*

Russian Front.—Six German attacks on Stalingrad repulsed.

Indian Ocean.—In Madagascar our troops occupied Antsirabe.

OCT. 5, Monday *1,129th day*

Air.—Strong force of R.A.F. bombers raided Western Germany.

Russian Front.—German offensive in factory district of Stalingrad met with some success.

Australasia.—Attack by U.S. carrier-borne aircraft on Jap shipping and base in Solomons resulted in sinking of one destroyer and damage to another.

U.S.—American bombers raided Jap camp at Kiska.

General.—State of siege proclaimed in Trondheim following acts of sabotage.

OCT. 6, Tuesday *1,130th day*

Air.—Mosquitos of Bomber Command made daylight attacks in W. Germany and Holland. Osnabrück was main target of night raid by R.A.F.

Russian Front.—Russians regained lost positions in factory area of Stalingrad.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. raided aerodrome at Maleme, Crete.

Africa.—Allied aircraft made widespread attacks on German camps.

Australasia.—In New Guinea Australians advanced towards Owen Stanley gap.

U.S.A.—American bombers raided Kiska.

General.—Ten Norwegians shot at Trondheim for alleged acts of sabotage.

OCT. 7, Wednesday *1,131st day*

Russian Front.—Russians repelled all German attacks at Stalingrad.

General.—Fifteen more Norwegians executed at Trondheim. Seventeen French shot at Lille for "Bolshevist activity."

OCT. 8, Thursday *1,132nd day*

Russian Front.—Germans captured two streets in factory area of Stalingrad.

Australasia.—U.S. dive-bombers attacked Jap ships covering landing operations at Guadalcanal, damaging a cruiser.

General.—Germans fettered 1,376 British prisoners taken at Dieppe as reprisal for tying of hands of Germans during raid on Sark.

Nine more Norwegians executed at Trondheim.

OCT. 9, Friday *1,133rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of anti-aircraft cruiser Coventry.

Air.—More than 100 U.S. bombers made daylight raid on Lille, destroying 48 enemy aircraft for certain and probably 38 more, for the loss of only four bombers.

Russian Front.—N.W. of Stalingrad the Russians improved their positions.

Africa.—Allied aircraft made heavy bombing attacks on enemy landing grounds and supply columns.

Australasia.—Allied bombers made heavy attack on Rabaul. Our troops made contact with Jap patrols in New Guinea.

U.S.A.—American heavy bombers again raided Kiska.

OCT. 10, Saturday *1,134th day*

Russian Front.—Renewed German infantry assaults repelled at Stalingrad.

U.S.A.—American heavy bombers kept up raids on Kiska.

General.—Canadian Govt. ordered fettering of 1,376 German prisoners of war in Canada.

OCT. 11, Sunday *1,135th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers made daylight attack on Hanover.

Russian Front.—At Stalingrad German tanks and infantry showed no activity.

Mediterranean.—At least 15 enemy aircraft shot down in attacks on Malta.

Australasia.—U.S. cruisers and destroyers engaged Jap warships off Solomons, sinking one heavy cruiser, four destroyers and a transport, and damaging a cruiser and destroyer.

Home Front.—Sharp air raid on N.E. coast.

OCT. 12, Monday *1,136th day*

Sea.—U.S. Navy Dept. announced loss of heavy cruisers Quincy, Vincennes and Astoria on August 9 in naval battle off Solomons.

Air.—R.A.F. bombed industrial targets in N. Germany by night.

Russian Front.—Comparative lull at Stalingrad broken by one German infantry attack which was repelled.

Mediterranean.—In renewed raids on Malta 24 enemy aircraft destroyed.

Australasia.—Japs bomb Guadalcanal airfield. U.S. reinforcements landed.

OCT. 13, Tuesday *1,137th day*

Air.—R.A.F.'s heaviest attack on Kiel.

Russian Front.—Comparative lull on Stalingrad front continued.

Mediterranean.—Twenty enemy aircraft destroyed over Malta; over 1,000 aircraft now destroyed in battles round the island.

Australasia.—On night of Oct. 13-14 Jap warships shelled Guadalcanal and landed reinforcements.

General.—Gen. Smuts in London.

★ *Flash-backs* ★

1939

October 1. *Garrison of Hel Peninsula, Poland, surrendered.*

1940

September 30. *R.A.F. made four-hour raid on Berlin.*

October 7. *Heavy German raids on London; 27 aircraft destroyed. German troops entered Rumania and occupied the oilfields.*

1941

October 7. *"Mercy ship" plan for exchange of wounded prisoners of war cancelled.*

October 8. *Russians announced evacuation of Orel.*

October 12. *Briansk evacuated.*

October 13. *Evacuation of Vyazma announced by Russians. German threat to Moscow developing.*

Editor's Postscript

THE Expanding Universe was the title of a fascinating book by Sir A. S. Eddington which I read nine years ago, and Captain Liddell Hart has made a happy adaptation of the title for his latest book, This Expanding War; but an equally interesting thesis, if not for a book, certainly for a study, might be This Contracting World. Every day with the astounding development of aeronautics the world is becoming a smaller place to live in, and I was not surprised when recently a friend who runs a prize stock farm in Sussex told me that he was negotiating for the purchase of a large area in Kenya with the idea of developing it as a great ranch for the breeding of livestock after the War. "You see, it will be quite an easy matter for me," he said, "to run the two places in conjunction, as it will be possible to pop over to Kenya by aeroplane every few weeks; in fact, it won't be much more difficult to run my place in Sussex and another in Kenya than it would have been before the War to run one in Devon and another in the North of Scotland."

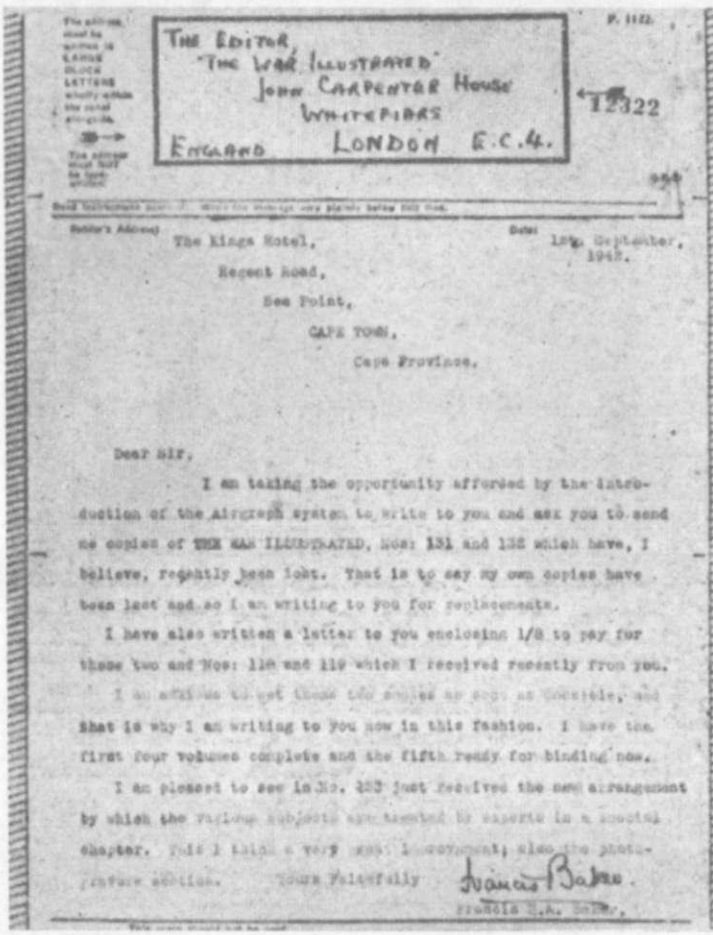
AND during the last week or two I have been receiving quite a number of letters from correspondents in far parts of the Empire, telling me chiefly about how they have found THE WAR ILLUSTRATED wherever they have gone. Ceylon, Eritrea, and various places in East and West Africa I have heard from. Among these an airgraph came from Cape Town and was lying on my desk a very few days after it had been handed in at the post office in South Africa. As some of my readers may not have seen one of these latest products of modern ingenuity I print it in facsimile, which shows the size of the document when received by the addressee, but while it is on its air journey it is only a tiny piece of film the size of a man's fingernail, and has to be enlarged on arrival.

THE anomalies of the salvage campaign are without number. It seems almost a waste of time to draw attention to some of them, but anyone who has the misfortune to live near places of military concentration with daily evidences of unrestricted waste in the matter of food and petrol, must have difficulty in keeping his blood from touching boiling point when he reads of a man being fined for baiting a fishing hook with a bit of bread while endeavouring to catch a fish for the breakfast-table, or the vicious fine inflicted on some wretched tradesman who had acquired a gallon of petrol without a coupon, when one sees petrol wasted daily by joyous lads in khaki making detours from their lawful routes just to pull up at out-of-the-way pubs for a drink.

I AM also told by a friend, just returned from a brief holiday on the Yorkshire moors, that he was astounded to observe the vast tonnage of massive and mainly ugly iron railings available up there, whereas he had witnessed iconoclastic destruction of beautiful old ironwork in his own residential district, attributable only to the undiscriminating zeal of the local bureaucracy. In one case mentioned some light and graceful iron gates that had cost about a thousand pounds were taken away from the front of a fine house during the absence of its owner. They could have produced only a fraction of the metal he had seen available in some hideous railings at a Yorkshire farmhouse. There is, of course, no redress and no equality of treatment possible so long as the bureaucrats are in the saddle and permitted to ride at their own sweet will.

ONE of my recent correspondents, the Rev. O. Manby, of Diss, Norfolk, tells me that he formed the habit in the last War of various small economies which have been urged upon us all today, such as the reversing of used envelopes, never writing a letter where a postcard would do, sifting the cinders, saving old razor blades and cartridge cases. Some of these economies he continued after the War, and a friend to whom he wrote on one of his reversed envelopes regarded this as an act of meanness, almost an insult, so that he sent him a large packet of new envelopes, hoping to break him of the habit! He also mentions his amusement in listening to the announcers on the B.B.C. as to the saving of rubber washers, corks, string and the raking out of fires, details of which "we are told as if we were children."

THE trouble is that, taking the public by and large, that is just what they are. And the shameless waste that goes on wherever the military forces are concerned may be ascribed to the same cause: the childish attitude of mind, which is naturally disposed to wastefulness. In times of peace I do not consider this is entirely an evil, as it cannot be denied that to go through life carrying thrift to the extreme must have a constricting effect on character and will result eventually in a meaner way of life than the abundance of the earth really warrants. But faced as we are today with the cutting-off of so many of our sources of supply, we must be "mean" in the use of everything that has any War value, and probably the only way to enforce a general level of war-time thriftiness is to impose penalties for breaches of regulations, but to administer these with discretion. It is unfair, however, that every form of waste for which the civilian population can be sharply punished seems to go on unchecked so long as the culprits are dressed in khaki.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12322

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Dear Sir,

I am taking the opportunity afforded by the introduction of the Aircraph system to write to you and ask you to send me copies of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, Nos: 131 and 132 which have, I believe, recently been lost. That is to say my own copies have been lost and so I am writing to you for replacements.

I have also written a letter to you enclosing 1/8 to pay for these two and Nos: 110 and 119 which I received recently from you.

I am still on the lookout those two copies as soon as possible, and that is why I am writing to you now in this fashion. I have the first four volumes complete and the fifth ready for binding now.

I am pleased to see in No. 153 just received the new arrangement by which the ... subjects are treated by experts in a special chapter. ... I think a very good improvement, also the photo-... section. Yours faithfully

Francis Baker.

Francis E.A. Baker.

AIRGRAPH from South Africa referred to in this page

SOME of the regulations concerning the austerity clothing of men and women are really more suitable for comic comment than for serious consideration. A friend who is a tailor with a large business in a northern city tells me that his life has been made a burden by the ill-considered restrictions imposed upon the trade, and he is very doubtful that economies of any real value to the War effort will be effected, even when the present confusion has been cleared up. I am quite without information in detail as to what this confusion may be, but I am very ready to believe that it exists from the evidences I have seen elsewhere of the indiscriminate application of hastily decided regulations which, on paper or in the cross-talks of the committee-room, appear to be workable and are found to be impossible only when put into practice. I noticed the other day that some regional scheme for paper-saving and other salvage had elicited something like 20,000 letters of appreciation, congratulation, and promise of help!

THE prohibiting of the turned-up finish to trouser-legs and the shortening of shirts may be regarded as quite sensible regulations, for many of us had worn out numerous pairs of trousers long before p.t.u. became the mode and trousers worn with morning coats have never had the permanent turn up. So far as shirts are concerned American men have always worn a much shorter garment than the English, because their habit has been to wear belts rather than braces. The popular song of the last War celebrated "those saucy soft short shirts for soldiers Sister Susy sewed," and I suspect that in the shortening of the shirts that has now been decreed those of the military will be the first to suffer abbreviation. There is one good thing about the long-tailed shirts of the British, however: it is that in this time of stress the tails can furnish sufficient material for re-fronting shirts in which the points of the popular turned-down collars have rubbed holes. I have just had half-a-dozen from my own stock that were showing signs of wear repaired in this way, and made "as good as new." I am told that in the domestic economy classes throughout the country practical demonstration of how to effect this very real economy has been going on for some considerable time.

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—October 30, 1942. S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.